

DEAF MUTES JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXIII.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1894.

NUMBER 38

Published every week.
\$1.00 a year, in advance.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y.,
as second class matter.

POETRY.

APPEAL.

The childish voice rose to my ear,
Sweet-toned and eager, praying me:
"I am so little, grannny dear,
Please lift me up so I can see."
I looked down at the pleading face,
Felt the small hands' entreating touch,
And, stooping, caught in swift embrace
The baby boy I loved so much.
And held him up that he might gaze
At the great pagant of the sky,
The glory of the sunset's blaze,
The glittering moon that curved on high.
With speechless love I clasped him close,
And read their tiny, tiny eyes,
And on his fair cheek kissed the rose,
Sweeter than blooms of Paradise.
And in my heart his eager prayer
Found echo, and the self-same cry
Rose from its depths through Heaven's air:
"O, gracious Father, lift me high!
So little and so low am I,
Among earth's misty I call to Thee,
Show me the splendors of Thy sky!
O lift me up that I may see!"
—*Youth's Companion.*

STORY TELLER.

ARRESTED FOR NOTHING.

Toward the end of the Second Empire Prince Edmond de Karinal was one of the most brilliant frequenters of the Boulevard des Italiens. Very blonde, pale and slender, impetuously phlegmatic—a temperament touching zero—with the aid of his enormous fortune, he amused society by his freaks and fancies, even condescending occasionally to astonish the populace. One evening he gave a dinner at his own mansion; the cheer was exquisite and the desert was served in a whirl of gaiety. "Very well; let us wager," cried the prince suddenly, replying to a challenge from the opposite end of the table, "that without having stolen, murdered, injured my fellow beings in any way, without having committed any sort of crime, broken any laws or regulations, I get myself arrested when I please and dragged to the station like a vagabond thief, an assassin!" Every one turned toward him in surprise. During the silence which followed he added:—"I wager 2,000 louis—who will take it up?" There were wealthy men around the board, well used to heavy stakes; but the magnitude of the sum startled them. "Well, how will you go about it?" exclaimed Gastambide, the banker, who was very nervous and excitable. "Ah that is my secret! You can understand that if I told you beforehand—" "Of course!" interrupted Gastambide; "but I have it now! You will tap a policeman on the shoulder, saying, 'Old fellow, I'm your man. I have killed my family in a moment of frenzy. Remorse is choking me. Take me in, old fellow; let the law do its worst.' They shouted with laughter. The idea of the Prince de Karinal tapping a policeman on the shoulder, calling him "old fellow," and begging relief from his remorse awoke the wildest merriment. The prince alone preserved his cool gravity. He explained quietly to the impetuous banker that his intention was not only to abstain from evil doing, but even to avoid any words or actions capable of provoking his arrest, and he repeated:—"Who takes up the 2,000 louis?" "I," do cried Gastambide, with an exuberant gesture. The next day, about seven in the evening, when the boulevards swarmed with people and the restaurants began to fill up, a shabby wretch made his way through the crowd with bent head and watchful gaze, picking up here and there the cigar ends others threw away. The man was still young and had evidently fallen from a higher rank, to judge from the distinction of his pale, refined face, his patrician hands, his general bearing. Still, it was evident that this unfortunate man was not discouraged or despairing, for in all his misery there was a certain care and cleanliness not usually apparent in men of his class. As he passed before Vignerot, a restaurant then very fashionable, he stopped for a few seconds to look in at the clean windows with their gaudy hangings, through which he could see the diners seated opposite two richly dressed ladies and dividing their attention between the exquisite viands and their fair companions.

He advanced, entered, and timidly placed himself at the first empty table. But he was scarcely seated when the head waiter, a very distinguished and stylish looking individual, perceived him and hurried toward him with an exclamation of annoyance. "What are you doing here, you?" "Why," replied the unfortunate, pointing to the other guests, "I came to eat, like all these people." "You have mistaken the hour and the door, my good man; the soup kitchen is around the corner, and the soup is dispensed in the morning." He shook his napkin at the intruder to chase him off, as one would a troublesome fly. But the other did not seem disposed to quit his place. "I don't care much for soup," he answered, "and the food given out in the morning would not suit me." "And," continued the shabby one, "there is no reason why you should not serve me a dinner when I am ready to pay for it. There—if you have any doubt—there is my pocket-book." He opened his old coat, and from an inside pocket drew out a pocket-book stuffed with bank notes. Selecting one, he handed it to the waiter. It was a note for 1,000 francs; and there were at least fifty others in the purse, to judge from its first volume. The waiter took it and scrutinized it for several instants, with wide nostrils and meditative frown. Then, abruptly raising his head, like a man who makes a prudent resolution, he returned the bank note to its owner. The latter made a movement as if to rise, saying:—"Now, if you refuse to serve me, I will go elsewhere." But the head waiter quickly begged him to remain. "No, no; stay. Give your order." Then calling one of his subordinates, he pointed to the man. "Take this gentleman's order," adding rapidly, in a low tone, "Do not lose sight of him. Do not let him get out." He presently disappeared. Five minutes later he returned, accompanied by a policeman. All the occupants of the restaurant had opened their eyes wide when the vagabond installed himself at the table, and had watched him since with marked disapproval. No one doubted it was he whom the officer had come to seek, and every head was turned to see what was going to happen. Sure enough the officer went directly toward him. He continued to enjoy a savory slice without seeming to notice the sensation he had created. He even started like one suddenly awakened when the man in uniform touched his shoulder. "Eh? What? Is anything the matter?" They explained. Bank notes for 1,000 francs were not usually produced from such pockets as his. To have them he must have stolen them. He defended himself energetically but his protestations were in vain. "I doubt if you can show a single paper or certificate of character," observed the officer. "It is true: I cannot. But probably none of these people present can immediately produce passports or proofs of identification." "No certificates. You have at least a name. Come, then, who are you?" "I am the Prince Edmond de Karinal." "Why not the King of England?" sneered the officer. "England is governed by a Queen," began the man. "Enough, enough! no need for further explanations. Follow me!" And grasping his shoulder with his large hand, the policeman forced him to rise and conducted him to the station. The wager was won. Then, from the lower end of the restaurant the fat Duke de Morvella, the lively Gastambide and the others rose, followed and interrupted, explaining the adventure to the policeman.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Dying Editor—My dear, when I am gone please have this epitaph carved on my monument: "We are here to stay."
Weeping Wife—Yes, dear.
Dying Editor—And be sure that it is put at the top of the column.

Artificial silk is produced by chemical means out of waste wool or coal.

AS THE BREEZE DIED AWAY.

BY HERBERT D. GAULLAUDET.

It was a hot midsummer afternoon. The sun danced from wave to wave, and the wind still blew steadily from the south. Now and then a team rattled along the bluff, and the faint whistle of a steamer echoed across the water. Many schooners and sloops, and smaller boats of every sort, dotted the Sound. About a mile from shore a little two-masted sharpie was beating close up into the wind. Its sails drew full, and the waves rippled under its bow. Tom Lockarby sat in the stern, with one hand on the tiller, and the other braced behind him, his duck trousers shining in the sunlight and his blue tennis shirt setting off a tanned and handsome face and big brown hands. Tom had learned to sail nearly as soon he took off kilt, and used to tip over almost daily, to the perpetual terror of his dear mother, and the great disgust of the old sailors whose boats he borrowed. His capsizing days were long since over now, but Tom still loved this quiet do-it-yourself sailing. He would take about for hours in his neat little sharpie, alone with his pipe and his thoughts and his castles in Spain, soothed by the sound of the waves beating against the boat, the soft wind blowing in his face, and the beautiful things around him. He loved it all, it was so restful, so quiet, so beautiful. And to-day he stretched over the seat enjoyed this beauty and quiet. He seemed wholly to have forgotten the girl opposite him. But she did not mind his apparent indifference and was looking out over the water, quite as contented and happy as Tom. They had known each other for years; so there was silence. Tom watched the tops of his sails as if he saw his Spanish castles there, and Rosalind gazed out over the water at the schooners dotting the horizon. "I wonder—and you would have done so too, if you had seen them—I wonder how Tom kept his eyes fastened so intently on the tips of his sails, when, almost without turning his head, he might have looked at such an extremely pretty girl as Rosalind Lorne; a tall girl with soft brown hair and a face that was attractive, not only because beautiful to look at, being regular in feature and charming in complexion, but because there seemed to be so much beneath the surface, such meaning depth to those grey eyes, and such strength and tenderness of character in every curve and line. Her white duck dress and white straw hat were rather becoming to her, though her face and hands were so brown. Her white parasol kept off the sun. But Tom still watched his sails as they tacked back and forth. At last the canvas began to flutter a little. Then Lockarby looked out over the water. Near by the waves still danced merrily, but out by the horizon Tom could see a calm stretch. "The wind is dying away," he said; "we'll make one more tack out toward the reef he said and then go in. I hate to scull you know." Rosalind looked over at him. "This is your last sail, isn't it? I'm sorry you have to go back to the city to-morrow. How hot it must be there! I shall miss you," she added. "You are pretty good company, after all, though we always do disagree so." Tom looked up or rather down, from his sails ends. "Miss me! Oh, I guess not. There are plenty of men around here," he said with a smile. "And I adore them all, I suppose?" she asked dragging her hand through the water. "Well, there's Bildon, the lawyer," Tom suggested. "Who has a selfish old ogre's of a mother, who thinks he is going to be a great man one of these days," the girl added. "He's welcome to be I'm sure. You know I can't bear him." "Young Gotrox, then," Tom suggested again. "Who can't do anything, and doesn't pretend to, and doesn't want to, except spend his money," Rosalind put in. "Well, then, how about the young collegian, Shadford?" he persisted. "Who tries to write poetry, and tells us six times a day how near he came to getting on the crew last spring and how well he knows Caruthers, the great pitcher. Tom," Rosalind said, "you know I can't bear any of these men." Tom knew of course. "I'll mention one more," he said, "your friend the professor."

"Oh, do you mean Mr. Dundee?" the girl asked rather hurriedly. Tom had taken his eyes off his interesting sail-tops and was looking at her very intently. "Oh, he might be bearable if he were not so frightfully bashful. You know I don't like him either." "Do I? Dundee was a great friend of mine in college and is a much finer fellow than you seem to want to think," Tom remarked. Rosalind said no more, but gazed out over the water. The wind was growing much lighter; the sun hung low in the sky; it was five o'clock. Lockarby turned his sharpie toward the shore. A hundred yards away a row-boat was gliding over the water. Its sole occupant was a large, muscular-looking young man, with a light mustache and a heavy coat of tan, who managed his oars well. "There goes Dundee now," Tom said. "He looks as if he had a long, hot pull; probably been over to Pirate Island to see that lovely Miss Dockrond," he added, with a sly glance at his companion. "If I take him in, you will not try to eat him up, won't you, Rosalind?" Rosalind smiled. She looked anything but a cannibal. So they hailed the oarsman, and Dundee's skiff was soon bobbing along behind the larger boat, and Dundee perched on the side of the sharpie carrying on a rather desultory conversation with Rosalind. Tom did not seem disposed to help them out any. He still stared at those weather-beaten sails of his, but he was thinking of something else. They were nearing the pier now. The wind freshened a little, yet it was only a dying gasp; Tom could easily see that. But he swung the boat slowly around nevertheless, and started out towards the reef once more. "Enough wind for another tack," he explained. The waves still rippled under the bow; the boat bent slightly before the breeze. It was very pleasant. "Sam, take the tiller a minute," Tom said, when they were about a mile from shore, I want to fix that foremost sprit." Dundee took Tom's seat, and the latter clambered forward to the bow of the boat, where the sails hid him from view. Suddenly a splash was heard. It is a simple thing to fall in to the water Lockarby found no trouble in doing it most naturally. Rosalind and Dundee laughed unsuspiciously at Tom's shining head appeared above the surface several yards astern, like Neptune stilling the tumultuous seas, as Sam suggested, only the "tumultuous seas" were a field, and the fleet of Aeneas was wholly lacking. Tom climbed into Dundee's boat and sat there dripping, with his clothes clinging to him in a most ludicrous manner. "You poor, wet, clumsy fellow," Rosalind cried laughing. Tom laughed too. "Well, still, the girl went on, and we will take you right in." But Tom objected; he wanted to row in, to keep from catching cold, he said. The others very naturally scoffed at such an idea, and Rosalind signalled shyly to Tom that she did not want to be left alone with Dundee. But Tom persisted, so at last Sam untied the row-boat painter and threw it to him. The wind was growing alarmingly light. Lockarby pulled hurriedly away. "Don't go out much further, Sam," he called back, "unless you want to scull home." He thought they seemed a trifle more sociable than they had been at first, and he noticed also that the sails were only half filled with wind. Tom laughed softly as he tied his boat to the pier. Half an hour later Lockarby issued from the hotel, freshly arrayed. Mrs. Lorne was standing on the edge of the bluff. She had a telescope in her hand and was trying to focus it on a pretty little sail boat that drifted idly on the calm water about a mile from the shore. Tom thought he recognized the boat. He joined Mrs. Lorne and recounted his afternoon's experience. "I can't quite make out what they are doing," said she, trying to look through the telescope again after Tom had finished. "Here you try. Are they sculling? It does not look quite like that to me." Tom took the telescope. No, it did not look quite sculling to him, either. Where were they, anyway? Rosalind's parasol was the only sign of them Tom could see, except a small portion of one of Dundee's shoulders. Tom had never realized before how large a parasol could be. "Come let us go in to supper," he said, shutting the telescope with a bang—a happy bang—and offering his arm to Mrs. Lorne. "If they don't know any better than to be becalmed a mile from shore, why they will have to take the consequences. And," he added gayly to himself, as he and Mrs. Lorne walked across the grass, "I guess they won't care much, either. Rosalind Dundee, it will sound very well."—*Romance.*

WHAT REFORMED HER.

Mrs. Pierce had the reputation of being the shabbiest dressed woman in the parish and she was also reputed to be the richest. In vain did the neighbors try to persuade her to buy a new dress, and her daughter Hester said she might share the fate of old Mrs. Wickum, who also scraped and saved all her life and looked shabby, and finally died without enjoying the money. One night, after working sixteen hours, Mrs. Pierce had a strange sensation. She was awakened by a touch that sent a cold shudder through her frame, and lifted her head from the pillow to see a figure sitting in the rocking chair by the window—a lean, long woman's figure, dressed in a skimp wrapper of purple and black calico. His grizzled hair was knotted up like a potato at the back of its head, and fastened there by a tail horn comb. What light as she saw it by she could not tell; the room was light as though the moon were full upon it; but that night Mrs. Pierce knew there was no moon. She lifted herself on her elbow, and a great terror swept over her heart. "Who's that?" she asked, in a choked voice, and the figure turned its head toward her and answered:—"Why, don't you know me, Mrs. Pierce? I'm Mrs. Wickum." "You look like her, to be sure," said Mrs. Pierce, with chattering teeth; but Mrs. Wickum has been dead these two years." "I dunno but what you're right, Pierce," replied the other. "I'd rather have said I'm Mrs. Wickum's ghost. I got leave to come back, and I thought I'd hev a little visit with you. You needn't be skered; I don't hurt nobody. I ain't permitted, if I wished to." "What did you come for? To give me a warning?" asked Mrs. Pierce. "Not of death," replied the ghost. "I got leave to come back to see Ebenezer. You see, we lived a married life together thirty years, and I was a very good wife, too. I didn't spend his substance in riotous living, like some. I helped him put away, and we had risin' fifty thousand in the bank when I left him. "It was overdone myself in hayin' time did it. We had fifteen men to work, and summer boarders, and I wouldn't allow help around. So I was tuk down with a stroke, and he sent for Peggie Ann Patterson to nurse me, and you went to my funeral, didn't you?" "I tried to tell them not to spend much on it, but I'd lost the use of my speech." "Yes, 'twas quite plain," gasped Mrs. Pierce. "You'd hev liked it." "Well, I got leave to come back, thinkin' I'd find Ebenezer sittin' by the fire, rockin' to and fro, sayin': 'I dunno how I'll ever save up as she did! And what do you think the angels told me? Better not, Samantha! But I was self-willed and I come. There an't even a stone over me.' "Stones come expensive," said Mrs. Pierce, from under the bedclothes. "Oh, yes, I know that; but so does marble mantelrises," said Mrs. Wickum's ghost. "He's put one into the parlor for his second wife, and a Phoebe pourin' water out of a milk picher into a fontaining in the dooryard; and I'd like to know whether he mightn't better hev put an angel weepin' over me, that saved him so much, and 'Dear Samantha, or suthin' another, on the peddystill, eh?" "I should think so, indeed," cried Mrs. Pierce, forgetting her fear of the apparition in her interest in its remarks. "You know the statue used to be over at the Colonel's? Mr. Wickum bought it at a sale: a Hebe, the auctioneer called it." "I dunno, nor care, what her name is," said Mrs. Wickum's ghost. "But to think of his marryin' that gal—not much older than our oldest—Peggy Ann Patterson. I wouldn't hev believed an angel of I hadn't seen it."

"I didn't come to warn you of death, Mrs. Pierce, for ef you get help, and don't do yourself to death, you'll live quite a spell. But take warnin' by me, for all that. I saved and saved; I done without bonnets and without frocks. I had one old cloak I wore ten years. I put on Ebenezer's slippers indoors: I ironed on a plank to save the expense of a reg'lar board: I soldered the tins to save the tinker: I hashed everything. "I wouldn't buy quinine when I had chills, and I put away all the time for Peggy Ann Patterson. And now she's got a marble mantlety, and blue satin in the parlor, and winder boxes, and new things in the kitchen, and silks on silks; a velvet cloak, Mrs. Pierce, and black furs and kid gloves. "I looked through her new bureau, and my poor children sent to their aunt's to do her housework, and my fortygraff in the rubbish down cellar. "And I worked for that. Whereas help that summer, and good flannels the winter before, and a shade num-berril for the sun, might hev kept me alive and my poor girls at home. There, twelve is striking. I'm going back. Catch me comin' to see Ebenezer again. I don't care ef he dies in the poorhouse." And with an awful noise Mrs. Wickum seemed to pass through the window. "Oh! oh! oh!" screamed Mrs. Pierce. "Oh! oh! oh!" screamed Hester, shaking. "Oh! what's the matter? Mal! Mal! Mal!" "Only a dream!" gasped Mrs. Pierce, opening her eyes; "but what a dreadful one!" "I thought burglars were in at last," sobbed Hester. "Come upstairs and sleep with me, Mal! Mal!" "Well, I will, child," said Mrs. Pierce, gathering a counterpane about her. "I talked too much before I went to sleep last night. Oh, Hester!" "Yes, ma," said Hester. "I'm going to buy a black silk," said Mrs. Pierce. "I'll go to-morrow and get it." She slipped into bed beside her daughter and kept quite still a moment; then lifted herself on her elbow and poked the girl in the side. "Hester!" "Yes, ma." "I am going to get a black satin, with lace and bugles—and a velvet bonnet, and kid gloves, and a new cloak. And I'll give the alpaca to poor old Mrs. Heather, and get a French merino for afternoons. I'm going to dress as well as any one—and—awake, Hester?" "Yes, ma." "I'll keep a girl." "Oh, how glad I am," said Hester. "You won't kill yourself with work, as I am sure poor Mrs. Wickum did!" But to this Mrs. Pierce made no answer but a little groan.—*Boston Globe.*

QUEER KOREA.

LIFE'S VICISSITUDES IN THE HERMIT KINGDOM.

Seoul, the capital of the kingdom of Korea, is surrounded by a high and solid wall (about twenty-five to forty feet high and six miles long), and palace contains a few fine buildings. Otherwise, like all the rest of Korea, it is filthy and poor. There are eight gates to the wall, and they are opened at sunrise and closed at sunset or shortly after. The curfew-bell rings at eight o'clock in the evening, and any man caught out after that hour is whipped. When the gates are shut, access to the city is only obtainable by scaling a dilapidated portion of the wall. It is officially estimated that the city contains about 30,000 houses, and the bulk of these consist of thatched hovels, lining narrow and fetid lanes. There are three main streets communicating with the King's palace. There are quite fifty yards wide and smoothly graveled; but even in these principal thoroughfares overcrowding and squalor assert themselves, for along the roadway may be seen rows of straw-thatched sheds, on either hand, which reduce the space for traffic to a narrow riband in the center. Upon either side of the streets or alleys runs a loathsome gutter. Sanitation is absolutely unknown, and consequently no attempt is made to flush these stagnant drains. The people, it will be readily understood, are filthy in their habits. They don't seem to have even a remote idea of the elementary laws of health.

The Korean towns and villages are worse, if anything can be worse, than the capital. There may be said to be two distinct types of the country town or village; the purely agricultural, which lies away from the beaten track, and that which depends as much on the entertainment of travelers as it does on farming. Any wayside etafe furnishes an example of the latter kind. The road enters between two "higgledy piggledy" lines of low, mud-walled, straw-thatched hovels, thrown up at random, irrespective of convenience or effect. The usual refuse heaps, stacks of fuel and open sewers abound; while a number of sun-tanned children, playing around the entrance to the huts, and a crowd of adults arguing on some question of the hour, combine to make the scene a lively one. The inns are generally only eating houses, and do not provide lodging. The rear of the inns furnishes a courtyard, oftened garished with a pig-stye, littered with fodder and pitchers and vats containing condiments, so much prized by the Koreans. A large iron cauldron for cooking food is placed in some convenient corner of the room, although it is always best, needless to say, for travelers to cook their own food in their own utensils. The guests' rooms are quite without furniture, and contain nothing but a reed mat spread over the mud floor and some blocks of wood for pillows. In the winter they are heated by means of flues passing under the clay floors. The eating-shop is quite open to the street with the exception of a shelf, on which the viands are exposed. These vary slightly with the season and locality, but they generally consist of small, ragged bits of raw beef, slices of bean-cured boiled pork, salt fish, sprouted beans, chopped turnips, chilies, and steamed dough in rolls. Wine can also generally be had at the inns. The stock in trade of the proprietor consists of a rude kind of furnace made of mud and stone; this heats a pot which is always full of seething brown broth. There is also a rice copper, a bench of brass basins and spoons, a collection of coarse china bowls, and an earthenware pan of charcoal, kept busily engaged with a gridiron, in which scraps of meat, or tid bits composed of three or four onions and shreds of beef skewered on a wooden spit, are roasted. Men usually attend on customers; women superintend the cooking and distribution of food. The ordinary Korean magistrate or Government official lives in a building fifty or sixty feet square, with a small piece of open yard in the centre. The magistrate's office is, say, ten or twelve feet square, and the open yard a court house. Tattered mats are spread about over the wooden floor, and an earthenware pot, containing live charcoal, hangs in the centre for lighting pipes. The mud walls are unplastered, and show all the cracks; the pillars which support the heavy tiled roof are bending beneath the weight, and the rafters are grimy with dust and cobwebs. Dirty robes hang about, and brooms and gourds are scattered about the floor. The writing materials consist of a small round table the size of a foot stool, an ink stone, Chinese ink, and hair pencils. Writing is done by sitting on the ground and taking a roll of paper in the left hand and gradually unrolling the paper as the writing progresses. When finished it is cut off the roll, neatly folded into a narrow oblong, so that it can be easily closed by pasting one corner, a seal is put on; it is addressed, and finally dispatched. Money is frequently so scarce that it has taken a Korean tradesman, upon whom a letter of credit was drawn, all day to collect from his neighbors the sum of twelve dollars. Korean society is divided into three classes: 1. The upper class, which consists of the nobility. The nobles are autocrats and have absolute power over the lower class. The public service and teaching are the only two forms of employment open to them. The middle class forms the merchants and junior public service; while the lowest class, which comprises four-fifths of the native population, are literally hewers of wood and drawers of water for the two higher classes. Korea has practically no army or navy. There are about four or five thousand so-called soldiers stationed at Seoul as a body guard to the King, but only about fifteen hundred of these are real fighting men. The others are armed with bows and arrows, and are quite unaccustomed to any military training worthy of the name.—*Frank Leslie's Weekly.*

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 30, 1894.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday. It is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS

One copy, one year, \$1.00
If not paid within six months, 1.50

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Station M, New York, City.

Inquiries concerning the whereabouts of individuals, will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weak
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

It is certainly due to Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, that the deaf of New York and vicinity show their appreciation of his good work on the momentous occasion that will mark his fiftieth year of married life. His "golden wedding" will occur on the 3d of June, 1895. What a great and noble work he has performed since the day when he led the blushing Miss Budd to the hymenal altar! Let us keep it in mind and show our gratitude. We would suggest that a mass meeting of the deaf of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Newark, Yonkers, and other places round about Manhattan Island, be called for next week, to talk over and devise a plan to honor Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and his wife. Some of the older deaf-mutes, who knew Dr. Gallaudet when a young man, should take the initiative. Will Messrs. Fitzgerald, Barnes, Haight, MacDougall, Van Tassel, and others, arrange for a mass-meeting and notify the deaf-mutes through the JOURNAL, or by post, when and where to assemble?

The *British Deaf-Mute* for September is quite an interesting number, and we have used the scissors freely for the benefit of the readers of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. The items of foreign intelligence relating to deaf-mutes have been taken from our British contemporary. The *British Deaf-Mute* has for several months been publishing portraits of prominent deaf persons living in America and Europe, and this number has an excellent likeness of Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet, Principal Emeritus of the New York Institution, and his estimable wife, who is a deaf lady of well-known literary ability, and a poet of recognized merit.

The *Advance* has a little item in its latest issue headed with the query: "Where will you spend the summer?" We do not know how far into the wintry season Bro. Read's constituents make it hot for him, but here in this great city by the sea, we have already discarded straw hats and palm-leaf fans and are preparing for those "melancholy days" that are hailed with joy by the gentle football player.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

Through the recommendation of the Royal Commission, appointed in 1886, to inquire into the needs and condition of the deaf and blind in England, a law came into force early in this year, making the education of the deaf compulsory, and providing for the expenses incurred through its enactment, in a similar manner to the schools of the United States. The Commission was a little slow in bringing about this result, but its work will be a great blessing to the deaf of Great Britain.

Several States in this country have made the education of the deaf compulsory, but as a nation we are behind our mother country in this matter. The good that such a law would accomplish is self-evident. Let us hope that the time is near when every deaf child in the Union may not only have an opportunity to be educated, but must be given the advantage which some, through the unnatural treatment of parents or guardians, are now denied.—Ez.

ITEMIZER.

Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Mr. Archibald McL. Baxter is now enjoying life at Ocean Grove, N. J.

Miss Annie Starbuck and Ruben Post were guests at the Becker homestead recently.

Mrs. C. Lawton, of North Easton, N. Y., has gone to North Adams on a short visit to relatives.

Only six or seven deaf-mutes were at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York City, last Sunday afternoon.

The seventy-second annual session of the Kentucky School for the Deaf began Wednesday, September 5th.

George Pender, for a year or two a pupil of Kentucky School, later of the Illinois School, died in Colorado a short time ago.

Frank Smileau has just kicked far dust from his feet and departed for Washington to resume his studies at Gallaudet College.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Becker report a very pleasant visit with Ruben C. Post and his people, at Stillwater, N. Y., some time ago.

Mrs. Aug. Kowal, of Buffalo, N. Y., has returned home from a ten days' visit with her parents and Mrs. Ballin, in Arcade, N. Y.

Mr. William Hallett, of Suspension Bridge, N. Y., left last Tuesday for a two weeks' trip to New York, Newark, N. J., and Philadelphia.

Jessie Hunter, of Lansingburg, and Mrs. Cornell Wing and daughter, of Worcester, Mass., have been visiting their sister, Mrs. John R. Becker, in North Easton, N. Y.

Mrs. Wm. Briel and her little girl, of Aurora, N. Y., are back among their friends. They returned home from Monroe, Mich., where they spent a long pleasant vacation with Mrs. Briel's mother.

Cards of invitations have just been issued to friends, inviting them to a party to be given by Miss Minnie Schweikhardt, at Metropolitan Hall, on Main Street, Buffalo, Saturday evening, September 22d.

B. Palmer, a deaf-mute, who has a fondness for drink and a disposition to sleep off his drinks on other people's premises, was fined \$25 for trespass by Judge Zimmerman in the Carondelet Police Station and given until six hours to leave town.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

Mamie Dillon, a deaf and dumb girl, 18 years old, living at 3226 Finney Avenue, was struck by Motor Car No. 2 of the Lindell Railway in front of her home, Friday morning, at 8:25 o'clock, and dragged about twenty-five feet. She was badly bruised about the body. Dr. A. V. L. Brokaw attended her, and pronounced her injuries not dangerous.—*St. Louis Republic*, September 14.

Professor Sidney J. Vall, of the Indiana Institution for Deaf-Mutes, Indianapolis, has been visiting friends in New York City and Philadelphia. Professor Vall's wife is a daughter of the late Professor McKim, who presented to the De Pauw University, the astronomical observatory at Green Castle, Ind., which was erected and fitted up at a cost of \$10,000 by the donor.—*New York Progress*.

The Cambridge, N. Y., Fair was a grand success this year. John H. Brownell took first prize on a fine colt. Among the many mutes who met there were Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Brownell, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Becker and three children, Kate Baldwin, H. Brown, Ruben Post, Jennie French, George Sonn, C. Lawton, and Frank Smileau, who has been working for John R. Becker all summer.

Newark has right in the town a deaf-mute, named Shea, who will before another year round be picked up by some minor league team. He plays first base for the Ironsides, but can fill any infield position with equal skill. He is as quick as greased lightning in tagging a base runner, runs bases skillfully, but is too apt to bite at wide-out curves. However, that failing could be remedied with proper coaching. He is a dandy.—*New York Sporting Life*.

Not That Sort of Boy.

"No, sir, the picture is not good and I shall not take it."

"But, my dear sir, all your friends who have seen the portrait say it is a speaking likeness of your boy."

"That is just the reason why it is not good. The boy, sir, is deaf and dumb."

She Used the Wrong Powder.

A young lady living on North Meridian street had an experience the other evening. She went upstairs, and had just turned out the light when she heard a caller ask for her. She made a dive for her powder puff in the dark and dusted her face with powder. She went down to the parlor and found a distinguished stranger, on whom she was anxious to make an impression. He appeared rather nonplussed at her looks, but being a man of the world, which means a man wise enough not to tell a woman her faults, he said nothing. She sat and chatted gracefully, and had a delightful evening. As soon as he had gone she rushed to the mirror, as every girl does when her beau leaves. She gave one scream and went off into hysterics, for in her haste and the dark she had dipped her powder puff into a box of pulverized charcoal, and she had the make up of an amateur colored minstrel. The contrast to her dainty organdie gown and blonde hair was very funny, but she never smiled again.—*Indianapolis Sentinel*.

Rev. C. O. Dantzer's Appointments.

SEPTEMBER.
9-3:30 P.M., Auburn.
9-7:30 P.M., Geneva.
10-7:30 P.M., Watkins.
11-Elimira and suburbs.
12-Oswego.
14-7:30 P.M., Christ Church, Binghamton.
16-3:30 P.M., St. Paul's, Syracuse.
21-7:30 P.M., St. Paul's, Rochester.
23-8:30 P.M., St. James', Buffalo.
29-9:30 A.M., St. John's Oneida Celebration of the Holy Communion.
29-7:30 P.M., Oneida—Evening Prayer.
30-10:30 A.M., Rome.
30-3:30 P.M., Trinity, Utica.
Address: Rev. C. O. Dantzer,
No. 709 Harrison Street,
Syracuse, New York.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

From the *British Deaf-Mute*.

EGYPT.

Last month we mentioned having received a communication from H. E., the Under Secretary of State for Public Instruction, Cairo, stating that in the whole of Egypt there was not a single school for the deaf and dumb. We have now been favoured with a long letter from an Egyptian gentleman who is interested in the welfare of the deaf, promising to inquire into the matter and forward us the result. He hopes also in the course of a few months to send us portraits of several uneducated deaf-mutes, which we will reproduce in the *British Deaf-Mute*.

INDIA.

Babu Jamini Nath Banerje, one of the instructors of the Calcutta School for the Deaf and Dumb, India, has also sent us a long and interesting letter. This native gentleman is deeply interested in the difficult task of providing education for the deaf of India. He tells us that it is a great struggle to secure financial assistance to keep the school going, and concludes thus: "The Christian Government has refused to allow us a grant, so that we are but dragging on a poor existence, not under the paternal Government, but under the care of Him who has made both the deaf and the hearing." Babu Banerje has kindly promised portraits of the teachers, the boys, and the school building, at an early date. We shall then have the pleasure of presenting the same to our readers.

BOMBAY.

The School for the Deaf and Dumb in this part of India is making very satisfactory progress. The Bombay Institution was founded through the exertions of Bishop Menrin, who first opened a class with two boys in his own house, and at his own expense in the beginning of the year 1884. Towards the end of the year, Mr. T. A. Walsh, an Irish gentleman, and an experienced teacher of the deaf, was taken over from Europe to take charge of it. By the end of the next year the number of pupils rose to eight, and a Government monthly grant of Rs. 10 was awarded for its maintenance. Next came to its aid the municipal grant of Rs. 1000 per annum, which was very soon increased to Rs. 150. Thus the good Bishop, after securing two grants-in-aid, handed over the school to a committee of management, which has raised a large fund from the liberality of the Bombay public and has opened the institution in good buildings.

TURKEY.

A school for the deaf and dumb was recently opened at Constantinople. We anticipate being able to give our readers some interesting particulars pertaining to the condition of the deaf in Turkey in general, and Constantinople in particular.

Jacques Farnig, a Turkish deaf-mute, who was educated in Vienna and Paris, writes to the *Gazette des Sourds-Muets* that there are many deaf-mutes in Turkey whose parents, being very poor, are unable to send them to the European schools. They have just opened a school for the deaf in Constantinople. Many of the deaf-mutes there, though uneducated are quite intelligent, and they make their living as boot-blacks, porters, domestics, etc. The children of rich parents do not go to school. The doctors tell them they do not need to, and that all they have to do is to leave them at home and in a few years they will become hearing persons.

In some parts of Turkey cases of deaf-mutes are particularly numerous among the Jews, owing to the frequency of consanguineous marriages among them.

A few years ago a deaf-mute lady in Turkey having a dowry of considerable size married a hearing man. The lady was very bright, but had never been educated. Her husband deserted her and used up her dowry and left her penniless to take care of a little boy. She is unable to make a living, and is obliged to depend upon alms.

At the time of his failure, three or four months ago, Pettengill disappeared, and has been supposed to be in New York. His wife broke up housekeeping, and returned to live with her father.

FREE LANCE.

No Rivalry Contemplated.

ADIRONDACKS, Sept. 15, 1894.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—

I desire to publicly answer several parties who, somehow, have the idea that the proposed collegiate department of the Fanwood School would develop too much rivalry for the good of Gallaudet College.

Nothing of the kind is contemplated. The Fanwood adjunct would be for the higher education of the deaf of New York State alone. So very few New Yorkers go to Gallaudet College that their cessation would be an insignificant subtraction to the number of pupils there.

I do not suppose the Fanwood College would care to receive anybody outside the State, and I certainly should not encourage it to do so. As part of the University of the State, it would take rank with Cornell and Hamilton, and its course of study would be above question.

F. L. SELIXEY.

WHISPERS UNDER THE ROSE.

Mr. Henry O. White's address is No. 61 Everett Street, Allston, Mass.

Secretary Babbitt of the New England Gallaudet Association is in receipt of the following letter from State Senator Salisbury, whose father was such a good friend to the Association in its early days:

"WORCESTER, Sept. 9, 1894.
"HARRY E. BABBITT, Esq., Sec'y New England Gallaudet Association.
"MY DEAR SIR:—I have your letter informing me of my election as Honorary Member of the New England Gallaudet Association. This honor from an association for which I have much respect and in which I take an interest is very gratifying, and I accept it with thanks.
Very sincerely yours,
STEPHEN SALISBURY."

On last Wednesday, a special car took pupils from Boston to the Hartford Institution. Prof. Clark was in charge. There were the usual scenes of weeping mothers and crying children at parting. William Mooney had a struggling little boy given into his tender care, and he acted the part of a stern father with satisfaction.

Messrs. Lynde and Bailey held forth to a small audience at conference this Sunday. There was some kicking at the closing of the doors just fifteen minutes after the services. The deaf-mutes are fond of social intercourse once in a week, and always take advantage of the hour after services for it. The lecture season will open in October. It is not known as to who will be invited to lecture.

Robert Docharty opens the lecture season in the Salem Society this month as usual.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wood and baby have returned from the land of Blue Noses and report having had a pleasant time.

Mr. and Mrs. Krause, of Allston, have returned from their vacation down east, and both look as though they had enjoyed it.

Mrs. Stover has been away for a month or two with a relative in Maine, and has just come home. Mr. Stover has just got a good contract to build a house in Dorchester, and is consequently as happy as a clam at high tide in Dorchester Bay.

Miss Lottie Bailey is home once more from her long visit up North, and is reported to be in good health and looking well.

Mr. Geo. A. Holmes has moved up nearer to the heavens. The office of Registry of Deeds has been given fine quarters in the new court house on Pemberton Hill, where it is now impossible for any one to see him except when he comes down from the clouds in the elevator at the noon hour. The office is furnished in a handsome manner, and Mr. Holmes feels just a bit stuck up.

Mrs. Wheeler has decided to go and live with her widowed sister in New York after this month, and will only make occasional visits to the Hub. She is an estimable lady, respected by all who know her, and with a record of a blameless life. She will carry away with her the best wishes of Bostonians for her continued health and happiness in the rest of the years allotted to her.

Miss Emma Proctor, of Maine, recently married to Mr. Frelliek, of this State, was for a long time identified with the community of Shakers, whose creed was against marriage and who simply existed like brothers and sisters, but it seems that Mr. Frelliek succeeded in luring her away into the blessed state of matrimony after all. At present, they are living in Gardner, Mass. Both are graduates of old Hartford.

Mrs. A. J. Atkinson and daughter, who have been living in Northampton, Mass., for several years, have gone to Atlanta, Georgia, where she has been offered the position of music teacher on very advantageous terms. She is Henry Atchison's own sister.

Can any one tell who the unlucky deaf-mute referred to in the following clipping is?

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Sept. 14.—Walter B. Pettengill, the druggist who was arrested in New York on the charge of dueling, was a prominent druggist in this city until a few months ago.

He married a Springfield woman, whose father had considerable property, but Pettengill went through this quickly, and his father-in-law, who is deaf and dumb, was almost reduced to poverty by his transaction.

At the time of his failure, three or four months ago, Pettengill disappeared, and has been supposed to be in New York. His wife broke up housekeeping, and returned to live with her father.

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F. L. SELIXEY.

NEW YORK.

Mr. Myron R. Palmer and Miss Nettie Bothner Wedded.

A PLEASANT RECEPTION.

George Irving Lounsbury Christened—Notes.

Wednesday afternoon, September 12th, the handsome residence of Mr. George Bothner, in East 58th Street, was the scene of a happy marriage.

The contracting parties were Mr. Myron R. Palmer and Miss Nettie Bothner. At about half past one o'clock the wedding party entered the parlor, preceded by Rev. Mr. Chamberlain. The bride, who never looked so sweetly and simply charming than on this auspicious occasion, was attired in a maye colored silk trimmed and wearing diamond ornaments. She was attended by Miss Martha Jaycox as bridesmaid, both of whom carried large bouquets of white roses. Mr. Fred Bothner, a brother of the bride, acted as best man for Mr. Palmer. Following the bridal party came Mr. and Mrs. George Bothner, the parents of the bride.

The Rev. Mr. Chamberlain performed the marriage ceremony in a more than usually impressive manner, and as the bride was given away by her father and the final solemn words were spoken which joined two young lives together forevermore, it was a scene that will live long in the memory of those who witnessed it.

The service over, congratulations were in order, and many and sincere were the wishes for the future happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Myron R. Palmer. The guests then descended to the dining-room, where the wedding feast was partaken of and the health of the groom and his bonnie bride were toasted again and again.

The wedding was a private affair, being attended only by the relatives and a few close friends of the bride and groom. At three o'clock a reception was tendered to the deaf friends of the party, all the invited responding with but two or three exceptions. Refreshments were again served, and the health of the pair toasted again and again.

Shortly before five o'clock Mrs. Palmer exchanged her dress for a traveling costume of a pretty gray. At five o'clock, amid a shower of rice, old shoes and other articles, popularly supposed to bring good luck, the more than happy couple departed on their wedding tour to Boston, by the palatial steamer Pilgrim of the Fall River line. The shower of rice was a perfect downpour, coming from every window in the four stories of the house, the sidewalk becoming covered as if with snow, and a crowd of about five hundred people had collected in the street, which rendered the scene all the more imposing. An old shoe was attached to the rear wheel of the carriage conveying the happy couple to the boat, and from the way the captain smiled upon them, when they started up the gang plank, the old shoe had done its work.

Mr. and Mrs. Palmer were the recipients of numerous elegant presents, composed mainly of silverware, bronze statuettes and various other articles of usefulness and ornamentation. From Mr. and Mrs. George Bothner they received furniture and other goods that will go to completely furnish their flat in Albany.

Among those at the reception, as far as concerned the deaf, were, Mr. and Mrs. Theo. I. Lounsbury (Mrs. L. being a sister of the bride), Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Bothner (Mr. B. being a brother of the bride), Mr. and Mrs. James Russell, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Hodgson, Mr. and Mrs. M. Heyman, Mrs. A. H. Kohlmetz, Misses Margaret Jones, Martha Jaycox, Tillie Hercht, of Norwalk, Conn., and Messrs. Alfred Klemme, Charles LeClercq, Adolph Pfeiffer, Dennis Mahoney of Albany, Joseph P. Brazell, of Lynn, Mass., and Peter Redington.

On Mr. and Mrs. Palmer's return from their trip, a party was tendered them at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Theo. I. Lounsbury on Saturday evening, over thirty being present. A good time was enjoyed by all. Refreshments consisting of dainty cakes, ice cream, lemonade and fruits, were served, and at twelve o'clock a surprise was in store for Mr. and Mrs. Palmer. Mr. LeClercq came in the parlor with a large valise and said he was about to show some of the tricks of the bunco game. He made a neat little speech on behalf of those present and then drew forth from the valise a large silver ice water pitcher and presented it to the young couple, who were so overcome that they could hardly say anything than a sweet "thank you."

Among those at the party, who were not at the reception were: Miss Stein, Miss Hollister, Miss Branfuhr, Miss Hand, Mr. R. Harth, Mr. A. H. Kohlmetz, Mr. T. F. Fox, and Mr. W. W. Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. Palmer left for their future home in Albany, Monday evening.

NEW YORK.

ing. Mr. Palmer is a maker-up in the large Lyon printing establishment in Albany, where he has been employed for a number of years. He graduated from Fanwood in 1882, where he learned the printing trade. Mrs. Palmer has been well known in this city and elsewhere as Miss Nettie Bothner, aiding in various charitable enterprises, and possessing a sweet, sunny disposition that won friends to her. All regret her departure from this city, but tender their congratulations upon the happy marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Theo. I. Lounsbury's three-year old son, George Irving, was baptized by Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, Wednesday afternoon at the residence of the little one's grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Bothner. Mr. George Bothner Jr., a brother of Mrs. Lounsbury, acted as god-father to the little one. The ceremony was impressive, but the antics of George Irving caused an occasional laugh, following with his eyes the gestures of the minister. When the reverend gentleman pointed to heaven, the little one scanned the ceiling for some object he supposed to be there, and when the water was put on his head he cried out: "Stop, you wet me," and subsequently asked for a comb.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. O'Brien, of Brooklyn, N. Y., are rejoicing over the birth of a baby girl, which came to gladden their household on the morning of Thursday, September 13th.

Mr. Samuel Frankenhelm no longer conducts business of his own. It is stated that there wasn't enough money in the photographic printing, and last week he sold out.

Miss Ida Wardell, of Long Branch, N. J., is at present in the city, as the guest of Mrs. Alice M. Yankauer.

Mr. Stevenson, of Philadelphia, Pa., was in the city last week. He was also seen at the picnic of the New Jersey Society last Saturday.

The deaf-mutes from this city who attended the New Jersey picnic all say that Shooting Park is admirable for such an event, and that the affair was a success in every way.

Among the oldest persons present at the reunion was Mr. John E. Horton, who entered the Institution in 1850. He is making a comfortable living in the gardening business, in which he has been engaged many years.—*Advance*.

John T. Cull, of Louisville, has recently lost a brother and sister by death. The brother, Judge David Cull, of Baraboo, Wis., was a distinguished lawyer and politician of his section. He was well known to many of the deaf of the State.—*Kentucky Deaf-Mute*.

The Catholic boarding-school for female deaf children and the day school for boys at 1840 Cass Avenue, opened Monday, September 3d, in charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph. The day school for the deaf, presided over by Rev. Jas. H. Cloud, opened on the same date.—*Advance*.

What is there about a change of location that adds so materially to the avoidance of some men? Gillespie, of the Nebraska school, is a conspicuous example, and now Walker of Illinois is beginning to tread on his heels, having become decidedly more rotund and square-set than when he left here a year ago. He also seemed more jolly and full of fun.—*Kansas Star*.

Mr. Bascom C. Sprout, of the class of '81, was a familiar figure at the reunion. His home is in Greenwood, Fla., where he owns an orange grove of 500 acres. He is also engaged in business as an orange packer and broker. He has been spending the past four months in and around Lee County, Fla., and his brother has been buying horses with a view of shipping them to the south.—*Advance*.

The *Farmer City (Ill.) Journal* says: Mr. F. Gearhart, of Bellflower, a mute and an artist of distinction, was awarded committee in the fine arts department, and performed the laborious task of awarding the premiums. In half a day, while last year the same work consumed two days of the committee's time. The fact proves that hearing is a hindrance to work, and that the officers of the fair were fortunate in securing the services of one who spent no time in idle gossip.—*Critic*.

Mr. Osea W. Green has a well-established job printing business in Madison, and is kept busy all the time. He learned his trade at the Institution, where he graduated with the class of '80. He married Miss Lucy Ryan eight years ago, and one boy blessed their union. It will be remembered that Mr. Green edited and published the *Deaf-Mute Progress* four years. He says there is more money in running a job printing office, which is dependent upon the hearing public for patronage, than there is in running a paper devoted to the interests of the deaf.—*Advance*.

Now comes the "gaging time of year. When kids from vale and field appear 'Tis but a day since they did yearn For leave of absence to unlearn What we did strive with night and main To fasten in each growing brain: But now they're back at school once more, With smiles and greetings as before, With smirking look and saucy grin, They want more learning hammered in Where playtime left a vacancy— A void of knowledge—don't you see The mind has been a desert, and the stomach has had the work to do. And now that summer's riot's stilled, They want the hole in the head refilled. —"Said Pshaw" in *Berkley News*.

Douglas Tilden is once more in his native land—now in San Francisco. He returned in July from Paris after seven years abroad in the study of art. Before he left, he was given a farewell banquet by the French deaf-mutes, and on his arrival in New York City, he was honored with a reception by a host of friends and admirers. In spite of the great strike, which detained him some days to catch a glimpse of our Midwinter Fair before its closing. He was gladly welcomed home, and also through the hearty co-operation of the Deaf-Mute Branch Y. M. C. A., informally received in the upper hall to see about fifty friends, a good many of whom were his former pupils. They found him a good deal changed in appearance but the same as ever in character. He has just opened a studio in the city. As starting a class in sculpture, Tilden is being talked about to take charge of the class.—*Berkley News*.

Mr. Walter D. Edwards is working on the *Post-Dispatch*, of St. Louis, now.—*Advance*.

Mr. Charles Sibley is still holding his case on the Wayne County Record, published at Fairfield. Charles was a member of the class of '91, of the Illinois Institution.—*Advance*.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

From the *British Deaf-Mute*.

A deaf and dumb boy, a pupil in the Old London asylum—thinking of Genesis vii., verse 15, asked his teacher if the fishes also went "two and two" in the ark. He thought they would be happier outside?

The same boy, on another occasion, referring to the fall of man through the double disobedience of Eve and her husband, said "Both sinned, both fell, and therefore all mankind had fallen. But suppose after Eve sinned, Adam had refused the temptation, how would the fall of one only have effected their posterity?" In other words—If it required two parents to cause the fall, how would it have been affected by the disobedience of one only?

Mr. Orpen gives the following account of a deaf and dumb boy whom he took from the Beggar's Asylum, in Dublin, at which time the boy did not know how to pronounce a single word. He had been well taught by the master at Claremont, and he shortly began to speak. One evening Mr. O. asked him, "Are you happy?" To which he replied in a clear and distinct voice, "I have God for my Father, Jesus Christ for my Redeemer; I have heaven for my inheritance: I am happy."

The following question was put in writing to a boy in the school for the deaf at Paris: "What is Eternity?" He wrote as an answer—"It is the lifetime of the Almighty."

A man of very profligate and immoral character in the town of Yverdon, in Switzerland, died a few years ago after a very short illness. A deaf and dumb boy, a pupil in the school for the deaf of that place, asked the master whether he thought this man had gone to heaven or no. He answered that it was impossible for him to say; no man could judge his brother; the decision belonged to the Creator and Master of us all; that, although he had been a vicious and irreligious man all his life before, yet, possibly he might, during his illness, have been awakened at the approach of eternity to a sense of his sins, and might have repented and turned to God even at the eleventh hour; that perhaps, thus, he might have at least believed to the saving of his soul being forgiven of God for Christ's sake—who justifies without works, that no man may boast. "Ah," said the pupil, "I do not like that 'perhaps'; I will have no 'perhaps' in a matter of such moment; I will not leave my salvation to a 'perhaps'."

Lost His Power of Speech.

Jas. Cooper, a youth of 19 years, lost his power of speech in a remarkable manner. On Monday night, while away from home, in the west end, he was very mysteriously attacked, beaten and abused by five men.

At first the infliction was thought to be due to brain trouble, perhaps a portion of the skull pressing on the gray matter, but examination revealed no fracture or indentation of the skull. Dumbness is attributed to paralysis of the vocal organs from local causes. He is conscious and able to communicate by writing.

When taken home, he was able to talk and then related that four or five

NEWARK.

The First Picnic and Games of the New Jersey Society.

A SUCCESS IN EVERY RESPECT.

Largely Attended by "Silent" People of the State, as Well as from New York, Philadelphia and Brooklyn.

(Specially reported for the JOURNAL.)

The picnic and games of the New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society, of Newark, held at Shooting Park, Newark, on Saturday, September 15th, was quite a success.

As early as three o'clock in the afternoon, there were nearly two hundred on hand, and before nine in the evening there was estimated to be over three hundred present.

The grounds are admirably adapted to picnic purposes, having a hotel, well-wooded grounds, a baseball ground of large proportions, a straight sprinting and an oval race track, dancing pavilion, bowling alley, shooting gallery, and any number of other devices calculated to woo to pleasure those on pleasure bent.

President James Nash was in the box-office during the afternoon, and other members took turns at the gate during the evening.

A program of games for prizes had been arranged, and to the credit of the committee he it said, all were faithfully and fairly carried out.

Promptly at three o'clock, as advertised, a game of ball was begun, the opposing nines were the Xavier of New York City and a club composed by Jersey mutes. Only four innings were played, the Xavier winning the game by a score 3 to 0. Three members of the Fanwood Baseball Club were loaned to the New Jersey boys, but as they were not used to play with such a nine, it can easily be seen that their efforts proved no avail, as the Xavier boys had their entire nine. Nevertheless the game was quite interesting as the small score shows.

In the tug-of-war New Jersey was opposed to Philadelphia, her representatives being stalwart members of the Mutual Club of the Quaker City, captained by A. J. McGahan. President James Nash was captain and anchor for the New Jersey braves, who pulled their opponents over the line in two straight trials, thereby winning the prize.

In the 100-yard dash, Boyd, of the New York Institution, easily beat all competitors, winning a silver inkstand.

A silver-plated medal was awarded Mr. Emil Scheidler, in the 100-yards dash for mutes only.

The 200-yards run was won by Mr. A. J. McGahan, of Philadelphia, the prize being a solid silver flask.

Mrs. Charles McManus beat all the ladies in throwing the baseball, and received a jewelry box.

The baseball throwing match for gentlemen was contested until it was too dark to see the ball, Mr. Dennison, of New York, making the best throw.

In the bicycle race, our own Henry Bottels came in a close second, the winner being a hearing gentleman whose name we did not get.

The bowling contest for ladies was won by Mrs. McManus. That for gentlemen was not decided when the writer left the grounds. Meanwhile the dancing pavilion was thronged with devotees of Terpsichore, and the shaded benches peopled with gay picnicers.

The committee of arrangements, who so successfully brought the picnic about, were Messrs. Charles McManus, Chairman; John B. Ward and Henry Samuels.

The order of dance was up to the usual standard. It was as follows:

PART I.

1. Grant March,
2. Lancers,
3. Waltz,
4. Varsouvienne,
5. Schottische,
6. Quadrille Waltz,
7. Polka,
8. Waltz,
9. Lancers,
10. Yorks,
11. Oxford Minnet,
12. Waltz.

INTERMISSION.

PART II.

1. Re-Entre,
2. Lancers,
3. Waltz,
4. Varsouvienne,
5. Schottische,
6. Quadrille Waltz,
7. Polka (Blain)
8. Waltz,
9. Varsouvienne,
10. Lancers,
11. Oxford Minnet,
12. Waltz.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

The floor manager was a deaf-mute, Mr. Henry Samuels, and as he has officiated on former occasions, it goes

without saying that he did his duty to the satisfaction of all concerned. The music—well since we are deaf we can not criticize Prof. Nichols and his orchestra who furnished it, but we hope that those who could hear enjoyed it to their hearts' content.

Mr. Samuels was assisted in his management of the floor by Messrs. Robert O'Rourke and Richard A. Salmon.

The floor committee were headed by Mr. Richard Waldron, who had the following to aid him in his duties; Messrs. Arthur L. Thomas, John Black, John Limpert, Edward Manning, Paul Kees and Frank Lenox.

The Reception Committee was Chairman by Mr. Charles Hummer, and the following named persons as his aids: Messrs. Charles Partington, Thomas Cosgrove, James Bradley, J. R. Newcomb, John Reilly, Herbert Fibiger, Thomas Smith, Emil Schiefler, Robert Kees and John Frank.

From the New Jersey State School at Trenton we noticed Principal Jenkins, Prof. Lloyd, and Editor Porter, the latter being especially occupied with the interests of his excellent paper, the *Silent Worker*.

New York was well represented, by Prof. Thos. F. Fox, Mr. A. Capelli, Mrs. Alice Yankauer, Mr. F. Knoll, Mr. A. Baehrach, Mr. T. A. Froehlich, Mr. and Mrs. M. Heyman, Mr. E. Souweine, Messrs. Ayens, Hamm, McVeia, Wm. Long, Mr. Denison, Mr. I. N. Soper, accompanied by Misses Lafferty and Wright, of Lowell, Mass., Mr. E. A. Hodgson, while among the Brooklynites were Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap, Mr. Frank A. Stryker, Wm. Coombs, J. F. Donnelly and son Benjie, Thomas Godfrey, and others.

To mention the New Jersey delegation would be to include all the silent population of the land of gigantic mosquitoes.

When the hour of midnight approached, there was a rush for the trolley cars, and each was crowded to excess for the next hour. When those who took the train for New York reached the Pennsylvania Railroad depot, it was necessary to couple an extra coach to the regular train to accommodate them.

Thus closed a well-ordered and enjoyable picnic, which was a success from every point of view. We congratulate our New Jersey brethren, and hope the next summer festival will equal, if not surpass, the one just held.

New York and New Jersey deaf-mutes are bound together by ties of friendship that we hope will never be sundered, and in all future affairs may they each lend the other a helping hand.

A QUAD.

The Brilliant Career of Leon Morice a Deaf-Frenchman.

The *Gazette des Sourds Mutes*, has an interesting account of the struggles of a young French deaf-mute, Leon Morice, endowed with undoubted artistic talent but hampered in his aspirations by the want of money and patronage.

His father was a wood-carver. It was from watching his father transform blocks of wood into figures, draperies and ornaments that he acquired from infancy a taste for the arts of imitation. He very early displayed rare aptitude for drawing and sculpture.

He attended a deaf school at La Foret seven years and was always one of the best scholars there and he acquired a fair education.

Upon leaving school, his father, wishing to cultivate his talent for sculpture, sent him to the Academy of fine arts of Angers. There, alone among his fellow learners all hearing and speaking, by his attention and zeal in the performance of duty, it was not long before he astonished his hearing competitors by outstripping them all, they regarding it specially humiliating to be excelled by a deaf-mute. For three successive years he carried off the first prize.

At the end of this period it was thought desirable to send him to Paris to perfect his mastery of his art studies. But he was a deaf-mute! He had no money! Would it be prudent to push him so high. Would it not be luring him outside of his sphere and exposing him to bitter disillusion? Besides, art is slow in returns, and of all art sculpture is the most unremunerative, marble and bronze command immoderately high prices, beyond the reach of ordinary pocket-books.

Influenced by those prudent considerations, he was advised to stick to the trade of his father, wood-carving, as being less uncertain and more likely to yield him immediate results, provide him with daily bread and, what is better, furnish him with something on which to base his independence.

Leon Morice, although slightly chagrined, appreciated the situation and yielded to submission.

How many times has an artist of renown, wandering over hill and dale in search of curious sites and archeological curiosities, come across a little cow boy, amusing himself while guarding the cattle by carving pieces of wood with a poor knife. The artist examines the execution and, believing the boy to be endowed with exceptional talent, inquires of his parents, teach him his calling and makes a great man of him.

How many times has a painter, passing along at random, observed a boy making seraws with a clumsy bit of charcoal upon doors, walls and cheap paper, thought he saw in these coarse designs a certain elegance and facility of execution, taken him as one of his pupils and made a great painter of

him who surpassed even his own master! The history of artists is full of such incidents.

But this fortunate turn of affairs does not fall to the lot of all the budding geniuses of limited means. How many of them are snuffed out in their first efforts.

Chance is as capricious as a little mistress; it did not make acquaintance with our friend, Leon Morice; it did nothing for him. Leon had no one to depend upon but himself, his courage and his intelligence. He took an apprenticeship with the best wood-carver of his native town who employed ten workmen. A few years sufficed to make him the best of these ten workmen and, beyond dispute, the most skillful in the town of Angers. So sure was this that, notwithstanding his youth, he was appointed foreman with the salary of from \$52 to \$60 per month. How nice it is for a deaf-mute of twenty-six years to have ten workmen under his orders. Let us hear no more talk about deaf-mutes not being able to come up to the standard of hearing persons.

During his unoccupied moments Leon returned to the art of his first love. He kept on moulding pedestrian and equestrian statues in plaster; he seemed to experience no difficulty whatever in the execution of his designs. What flexibility of talent and what marvelous facility of invention! He wrought his statues in every conceivable attitude and gave them a grace akin to nature. Recently his patron received some important orders from Bidel, the animal trainer of Paris; he thought he could not do any better than to have the young foreman do the work himself. This he did in a few days without the least difficulty, as if it were mere child's play, and Mr. Bidel was so well pleased with it that he invited Leon and his patron to spend several days in Paris at his expense.

Leon Morice took advantage of this wind-fall to visit his friends at the capital. He made a bust of one of them. It was considered so well done and of so striking a resemblance to the original that the young artist was earnestly requested to have it admitted in the Paris salon, and it was readily received there.

"Oh!" says Mourez, the author of the article in the *Gazette*, "if some generous soul should deign to interest himself in this young sculptor and assist him with counsel, there is not a particle of doubt that he will succeed in taking a high place among the sculptors of renown. Could not Felix Martin, the knight of the legion of honor, and Paul Choppin, the sculptor of doctor Broca, do something for him, were it only because the artists are united among themselves by community of interests?"

"If this article has no other effect than to encourage Leon Morice to persevere by letting him know that all the deaf-mutes have an eye upon him, I shall still be satisfied."

Indeed, if the world had more men like Mourez, how much happier it would be! Instead of sneering at and throwing obstacles in the way of our fellow-deaf-mutes, how much better would it be to cheer him on in aspirations with words of encouragement and with, now and then, a helping hand! Leon Morice can rest assured that over the waters in "the land of the red-faced man" there is one more deaf-mute, who has an eye on him and who wishes him good-speed in his clambering up the heights of well-earned fame. The career of Leon Morice teaches us once more that deafness, even when coupled with poverty, is no barrier in the way of success that earnest effort will not overcome, and it gives one more proof that the poet was right in saying:

Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part; there all the honors lie.

—D. W. George in Advance.

NEW ORLEANS.

An enjoyable birthday surprise party was given by a number of the most noted deaf-mutes of New Orleans last Friday, September 7th, headed by Mr. and Mrs. Jos. J. Lubrano, in honor of Miss Katie Farrell, at the residence of her father, Daniel Farrell, Esq., Roberts Street, near Camp. A friend opposite furnished the music, which was new to all, for the evening, and was highly appreciated, especially by the hearing ones. Supper was served, and the chief amusement was dancing for the hearing and speaking friends.

Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Jos. J. Lubrano, Dan P. Maroy and Miss Mollie Gregory, Monitor Alfred Kearney and Miss Polly Taylor, Geo. W. Bouchereau and the queen of the house—Miss Katie Farrell, Anthony Moldaner and Miss Mary Farrell, and the original cake-maker, John Frank, and Miss Sophie Weidt, and last of all, the jolly surprise, James D. Goodwin, a teacher of the Baton Rouge Institution, with the sweet and amiable Miss Mary Lee Foldner. Much credit is due to Mr. Maroy, who labored to make the evening pleasant for all who were present.

Guild of Silent Workers.

The Guild of Silent Workers meets on Tuesday evening, 8 p.m., September 25th, in the Guild room of St. Ann's, and it may prove of interest to the members. A large attendance is expected.

S. M. Brown,
Sec'y.

Tea cultivation is a coming industry of Hawaii.

PHILADELPHIA

News Notes About All Souls' Club.

STUDENTS EN ROUTE TO GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

The Apollo Club Gives Up the Ghost—Other Notes

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

Several nights ago Messrs. Hiram Wagner and Sullivan, students of Gallaudet College, happened to go in the Hanover Hotel, Twelfth and Arch Streets, and met Mr. William E. Hoy, the famous semi-mute baseballist. Mr. Hoy was reading a copy of the *DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*. He entertained his visitors very pleasantly. It seems that Mr. Hoy reads the best deaf-mute paper—THE *DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*—everywhere he goes.

On Tuesday evening last, All Souls' Club council held its regular monthly business meeting, and on Thursday a special meeting was held, when the whole of the revised constitution and by-laws were read and adopted, and next Thursday evening will be submitted to the club for its approbation. The election of officers also occurs next Thursday evening. We are anxiously wondering who will be our next President.

Mr. William Henry Lipsett will entertain the members of All Souls' Club by reading a thrilling novel entitled "In the name of the Czar," on Thursday evening, September 27th. Every deaf-mute, whether a member of the club or not, should not fail to enjoy such an interesting treat.

Messrs. Thomas D. Delp, Charles Waterhouse, Lewis Ash, and William H. Lipsett and Miss Maria R. Egner, will give an entertainment in aid of a church in Knipe's Hall, Lansdale, Pa., September 29th. Several amusing pantomimes will be enacted.

The Executive Committee has approved of a Mr. W. H. Lipsett's resolution that a play entitled "Rip Van Winkle" be produced on the stage of All Souls' Club hall, some time during the last week in October, or the first week in November, for the benefit of Expense Fund of the Club. President M. C. Fortescue has appointed Mr. W. H. Lipsett, Chairman, Mr. W. G. Pownall, Charles Waterhouse, E. D. Wilson and Henry Gunkel, as the Committee to arrange for the same.

While Mr. W. H. Lipsett was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Durian, last night. He was greatly surprised, and well pleased at meeting Messrs. Hiram Wagner, of Mississippi, Hubbard, of Colorado, and Sullivan, all of class '97 of Gallaudet College. All spent the time very pleasantly in conversation. The students leave here to-morrow for Washington, D. C., to resume their studies at Gallaudet College.

Mr. Washington Houston arrived home last Wednesday afternoon, after having spent a dozen of days in visiting his relatives and friends in New York City and Brooklyn. He enjoyed everything, and wishes to thank his deaf friends there for their cordial hospitality which he will never forget.

Mrs. Wm. H. Lipsett and her two children went to Norristown, Pa., last Saturday, where they are visiting their relatives, for two weeks or so.

Messrs. Thomas Breen and Daniel Paul, of Carlisle, Pa., appreciated the receipt of a gift from their friends at the Pennsylvania Convention, in the shape of their subscription to the *DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*, and they like to read it very much.

Mrs. Dennis Onkes, who has worked in a hotel in Lakewood, N. J., for the past two months or so, arrived here last Saturday, and went to West Philadelphia, where she is to live with her sister.

Miss Eva Post and Mr. Roger Williams, both graduates of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, will be tied in wedlock some time during this month. They have our best wishes for their future.

Mr. Church, formerly of Cape May City, N. J., is now living with his nephew in West Philadelphia. He enjoyed a pleasant ride on the steamer "Republic" to Cape May Point, N. J., a few days ago.

Also Mrs. Hannah Houston and daughter Anna and Miss Emma Shaffer could hardly explain how splendidly they enjoyed themselves on the steamer "Republic" for such a long round trip, and only at a small cost fifty cents.

I believe that my friends who have visited John Wanamaker's store were surprised when I told what is done in his great store, in my last letter. I will tell you another fact,—namely, the statue of William Penn, which I believe some of you, my dear readers, have seen in the court-yard of City Hall: That bronze statue which is to surmount the dome of the City Hall, when the dome is completed, was made at the bronze department of Tacony Iron & Metal Company, in Tacony, Pa. Its weight is 60,000 pounds; height, 37 feet; hat, 3 feet in diameter, rim, 28 feet in circumference; nose, 13 inches long; eyes, 12 in. long, 4 in. wide; mouth, from corner to corner, 14 inches; face, from hat to chin, 3 feet 3 inches;

hair, 4 feet long; shoulders, 28 feet in circumference, 11 feet diameter; arms, 19 feet 6 inches long; coat sleeve, 9 ft., 6 in., in circumference; cuffs on coat, 3 ft., long, waist, 24 ft., in circumference, 8 ft., 9 in. in diameter; buttons on coat, 6 in. in diameter; hands, 6 ft., 9 in. in circumference, 3 ft. wide and 4 ft. long; fingers, 2 ft. 6 in. long, finger nails, 3 in., legs, from ankle to knee, 10 feet; ankle, 5 ft. in circumference; calf of leg, 8 ft., 8 in., in circumference; feet, 25 inches wide, and 5 ft., 4 in., long; and the tree behind him, 16 ft., 4 in., in circumference.

Having done its noble work for seven years, the Apollo Workingmen's Club has at last disbanded for good. Its members have all been married since it was organized. Only six members were left. Good bye to Apollo!

THE RECORDER.
PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 17, '94.

THE GALLAUDET HOME.

Mr. Wayne and his 'cousin were conducted through the buildings Monday afternoon, the 27th ult. Mr. Wayne's farm adjoins that of the Home and is in a fine state of cultivation. Among the visitors last month were a sweet girl baby and a child. Their father is a sergeant at a police station near the Grand Central Depot in New York.

A semi-mute young woman put in an appearance here some time ago and wanted to remain over night, but her request could not be granted. She was Mrs. John Hogan of Brooklyn, N. Y., and said that her husband ran away. She had been visiting in Newburgh.

Though Mr. Cunningham has been educated, he is unable to use the manual alphabet, because his fingers are joined together, and the thumb of each of his hands sticks to the palm. He can write and drive. It is John's duty to keep the lamps clean, fill them with oil when they get empty, and light them every night.

Miss Hawes' sister brought her some nice presents recently. Among them were a gold ring and two pairs of slippers.

The next time Prof. S. J. Vail, of Indiana, comes East he should come here. Probably he is not aware that he and the writer were classmates at Fanwood.

Mrs. Nelson likes to take the inmates by surprise once in a while, for she came down from Poughkeepsie Sunday evening, the 26th, when her presence was not looked for. She had with her an interesting letter from Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, which she kindly allowed them to read.

Mr. and Mrs. Pfeiffer and baby Adolph, who have been rusticiating in Ulster County, were at the home a few weeks ago. Mr. Pfeiffer's father accompanied them, and was pleased to see what a lovely place this is.

Miss Mary L. Avery, of Herkimer, N. Y., was the guest of Mrs. Nicholson during the early part of the month, and enjoyed a very pleasant sojourn.

Mr. E. A. Davis, a graduate of the Fanwood School, dropped in upon us Friday, the 17th of August. He is a painter by occupation, and has a wife and a little girl.

While Mrs. Graham was in Poughkeepsie on the 31st ult., she stopped at the Nelson homestead on Cannon Street.

A party of ladies drove over here from the Falls Saturday afternoon, the 1st inst.

The rustic seats which Mr. H. F. Herkner presented to the Home, have been painted red, and look real nice.

Dr. Cornell's services were needed on the 3d inst. However, his visits are few and far between.

After dinner Tuesday two weeks ago, Mrs. C. B. Thompson and Miss H. R. Jewett of the ladies' board had business here.

Rain fell in this region Thursday morning, the 6th, after a long spell of dry weather. It was very welcome. Rev. Mr. Chamberlain officiated in our little chapel Sunday, the 9th. His morning text was a verse in the Gospel of St. Luke.

The writer acknowledges the receipt of a copy of the *Michigan Mirror*. It has taken a new departure, and will be published the whole year round. Success and prosperity go with the little sheet.

Mr. Sprague has made a long box in which flowers and plants will be kept. On one side of the box is the name of Gallaudet, in capital letters, the work of his own hands.

The inmates had ice cream for dessert on the 9th ult. It was bought with the money which Hattie Hawes' sister gave to Mrs. Nicholson while she was here several days previous.

Some ladies made their presence felt on the grounds of the Home not long ago. They were friends of Mr. Thornhill, who lives in the village.

LOUISE.

Services for Deaf-Mutes.

St. Ann's Church, New York, 3.30 p.m.—Prof. W. G. Jones.

St Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 p.m.—Holy Communion—Rev. Mr. Chamberlain.

Church of the Good Shepherd, Newburgh, N. Y., 3 p.m.—Prof. C. W. Van Tassel.

The sign language among the deaf takes the place of the sound language among the hearing. Masters of the sign-language can therefore reach the inner life of the deaf more directly and powerfully than the oralists or those who use only the manual alphabet.

COLUMBUS.

School Machinery Again in Motion.

NOT GOING TO SCHOOL, BUT TO HOUSEKEEPING.

News of the Week.

From our Columbus correspondent.

The machinery of the school year, 1894-'95 is again in motion. It started up Wednesday, and has been running very smoothly. Scarcely any evidence was perceivable that it had been idle for three months, so well did everything go along. True there is a new chief engineer with one or two new helps to direct the machinery, yet they seem old hands at the wheel, and we are inclined to think that the good ship the coming year will be kept clear of reefs and rocks.

The teachers were promptly on hand at the meeting of Tuesday evening. All looked fresh, and rested, and prepared to carry forward another year's hard work. Mr. Schory had arrived in Columbus Saturday, but was called back home to attend the funeral of an uncle. His was the only absence from the meeting.

After prayer by the Superintendent, he delivered a short address congratulating his co-workers upon their return to work. He was glad to see them, and could sympathize with them in the duties they had to perform as he had been a teacher himself, and could fully understand the difficulties one in the profession had to endure. He wished them to be free in consulting and seeking advice from him, and he would do all he could to help them along in their work. Unity of action was a power, and if they worked together harmoniously the coming year, he felt sure the session of 1894-'95 could not but prove the most successful in the history of the school.

Principal Patterson followed with a few remarks, laying particular stress upon several rules the teachers should observe in order to secure better deportment among the children. He spoke of the good results obtained from teachers' meetings, and as these have not been held for several years, he would re-open them next month. He requested the teachers to prepare a daily classroom programme for their respective classes, and hand it in by October 1st.

Wednesday, the opening day, could not have been finer. Pupils began to arrive quite early, and kept coming in throughout the day. What is more, they seemed to have been more prompt than formerly, so that by ten o'clock in the evening three hundred had been registered. More have come since—hence the attendance at this time is greater than it has been for some years.

The arrangements for receiving the children were the same as of late years. Every teacher and officer had a hand in it. The only hindrance, and it has been so for we do not know how long, was the tardy sending out of trunks to the Institution by the Transfer Co. This necessitated the closing of school Thursday noon in order to allow the children to unpack, register and store away their clothing in drawers.

Among the crowd of pupils that arrived on one of the afternoon trains Wednesday, were John Reedy and Jessie Ebaugh. The attendants were about to take them to the omnibus with the other pupils, when they resisted by quietly stating that they had joined a new institution. Fact is, were married, and were now on the way to their new home, Burford, Highland Co., Ohio. They were united three weeks ago Saturday, at Findlay, Ohio.

It has just come to light that two other deaf-mute pupils, of the Institution, up to last June, were married July 11th, in Lawrence Co. They are Wm. Mielke and Hattie Pittenger.

The *Chronicle*, the Nestor of the Institution papers, came out this week under a new head, and has dropped the "Mutes." Hereafter it will still under the name of *The Ohio Chronicle*, and may it be as faithful and steady as in the past.

Two of our college boys, Messrs. Wornstaff and Ohlemacher, are mingling among their former schoolmates this week. They will start for Washington Monday, and at Newark will be joined by Mr. Bath. Success to them.

Mrs. Zell gave a little party at her home, Washington and Franklin Avenues, in honor of her daughter and Albert Ohlemacher. Besides the above, there were present Miss Patterson, Miss May Greener, Miss McGregory, Miss Winton, and Messrs. Zorn, Wornstaff and Ernest Zell. A pleasant time was had in games and conversation, winding up with the serving of refreshments.

Mrs. Mary Dundon Corbett left for her home, Bellaire, Thursday afternoon, having enjoyed a pleasant visit with her parents and friends. Mrs. Edith Biggam, who since the death of her mother, last Spring, has been at her home, returned to the city Monday. She resumed work in the bindery Wednesday.

Miss Mary Fowles returned Saturday from a long visit in Chicago. The Windy city seems to have

especial charms to her. Perhaps its the lake water and the breezes that sweep over the town.

Mrs. James Slottler of Wellington, brought her daughter, a very bright little child, to school Wednesday. She will remain in the city, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lynn, until next Wednesday.

An item is going the rounds of the Ohio papers, that a couple of mutes are to be married in Mansfield the latter part of this month, at the County Fair. The names of the interested party are known, but we prefer to wait until after the ceremony has been performed. Its a novel way to get married, but then the couple no doubt have in mind the notoriety it will give them, to say nothing of the presents the farmers of the county will bestow upon them to start them to housekeeping.

A. B. G.

Sept. 15-'94.

Some Notes on Aural Development in a Case of Congenital Deafness.

For some time past the theory has been gaining ground in this country, Germany, France, and England, that latent hearing may be developed by massage of the ear by means of sound vibrations. A number of specialists and some schools for the deaf have given the subject considerable attention.

In November last a boy, very bright, eight years of age, congenitally deaf, and born of deaf parents, came to me for instruction. His family said that an attempt to develop hearing would be useless, as he had been examined by a number of specialists and found to be totally deaf. As the case was interesting in that the boy was a congenital deaf-mute, whose parents were also deaf, and because of his brightness, I tried to develop hearing. I began on his arrival to use with him for a short time each day an American conical conversation tube. For somewhat over a month the exercise of each day consisted of loud sounds of different pitch—shouts, whistles, chords on the piano, etc., produced near the mouth piece of the tube; after which the words: "The key, the hat, the mat, the jug, the saw, the adze, the cup, the box, the vase, the door, the quill, the knife," were plainly spoken through the tube, the pupil facing me, reading my lips, and repeating the words. [The above twelve words contain all of the letters of the alphabet. It is hardly necessary to say that they do not include all of the sounds.]

The first sign of encouragement came when the boy complained that the loud shouts were beginning to be disagreeable. I then spoke the words "cat" and "dog" several times loudly and plainly, through the tube. He read them from my lips and repeated them, after which he turned his back, and repeated either word whenever I uttered it at the mouth-piece of the tube. After drilling on the words "cat" and "dog" for a few days, a third word was added, and he has at this time become able to differentiate between and repeat eight words when spoken through the tube. The sound and meaning of a new word is taught every few days, and he is taught to articulate it. [With a person who has never heard, it is necessary not only to develop the hearing apparatus so that the brain is conscious of sound, but the brain must be educated to recognize the difference between sounds, and this must be done very slowly and gradually, as in the case of the infant.]

The shouts, etc., described above, are gradually decreased as the boy's hearing improves. He now puts the mouth-piece of his tube in the piano, over the strings, and enjoys the music when a person plays.—*Walter B. Peet in Medical Record.*

SUDDEN DEATH.

Charles A. Douglas died quite suddenly at his home, 9 Winter Street, at about 8 o'clock last Thursday morning, from Bright's disease, from which he had been suffering for several years. He was a deaf-mute, and had resided in Melrose for about 20 years, being first employed at the Red Mills on Wyoming Avenue, and more recently at the factory of the Boston Rubber Shoe Co., being a bootmaker by trade.

He was a steady and industrious man, a reader and thinker, and had a great many friends who will be pained to learn of his sudden death. He had been able to work up to the time of his death, with the exception of short periods of sickness, and had worked in the factory on Wednesday, coming home early, and was about the streets during the afternoon. On coming home he went into the cellar to cut some wood, but his wife thinking it was too hard for him induced him not to attempt it.

They retired as usual and nothing was heard from him until about 4 o'clock Thursday morning, when Mrs. Douglas heard him groan, and upon going to him found him in convulsions. She summoned aid and sent for a physician, but nothing could be done for his relief, and the convulsions were repeated until death relieved the sufferer. He was 54 years, 4 months and 26 days old, and leaves

FANWOOD.

An "Aged" Chestnut that Came Our Way.

THE F. A. A. A. MEETS.

Why the Peaches Came Not—Other News Notes.

From our Fanwood Correspondent.

Principal Currier desires me to correct my statement last week that sign classes were formed. It should have read *manual classes*, since for over a year there have been no signs used in the classroom.

The same old chestnut is going the rounds. Perhaps because the season is at hand. The Fanwoods didn't win the game with the Kendalls last May—oh, no! it was Prof. Hare and McKean who won it. Are we never to receive any credit for what we do? A fact that should have done away with all such talk was published long ago. It was that Pitchers Hare and Hamm (a pupil) were put on two equally strong opposing nines, some weeks after the college game, and the match resulted in favor of Hamm's nine. Hamm can pitch just as well as Hare and perhaps faster. It may be asked why he didn't pitch against the Kendalls. Well, Hare was captain, and chose to do the pitching himself, and while he gave the greatest satisfaction, there is no doubt that had Hamm been in his place the game would have resulted just the same. Any of the players can equal McKean at catching, batting or base-running, and granting that he plays finely, he is assuredly no phenomenon. His place can readily be filled at any time he chooses to resign his position on the nine, and the prime reason of the presence of teachers on the team is the zeal and hope they inspire by their apparent condescension to play. Neither Hall nor McKean may be on the football eleven this Fall, although both may do some coaching. Hare will probably play, but it is not expected that for this reason the Fanwoods will be debared from meeting the Mt. Airy boys. At any rate, as the management say, it will be time enough for the Mt. Airy eleven to refuse to play, when they have been asked. From the spirit shown by their newspaper representatives it is not likely that Fanwood will bother itself to arrange a game with them.

A meeting of the Fanwood Athletic Club occurred in the library at eight o'clock on Monday evening. Manager Fox presided. Messrs. Cook, Fox and F. A. A. A. were chosen as a committee to confer with the Principal upon the football question. Mr. A. A. A. was elected temporary captain, and Mr. Hall temporary treasurer. Manager Fox said arrangements would probably be made for a game with the Kendalls after Thanksgiving. He thought that either Manhattan Field or the Polo Grounds might be hired for the purpose, and a fair price of admission charged. On being questioned as to whether or not a game would take place with the Mt. Airy team, he replied that such a thing was doubtful, as the latter had expressed themselves decidedly against our employment of "professionals," as they termed these teachers who kindly interest and enthusiasm had led them to participate in the games of the pupils. (I am afraid the *aeronauts* had better apply themselves more closely to the learned Webster's terse definition of that very comprehensible term). The meeting then adjourned, to re-assemble in a few days, as soon as the committee has concluded business with the Principal.

Mrs. Turner, of the Linen Room, who yearly distributes peaches to the pupils from her trees on the front side, was unable this year to fulfill her promise to the carpenter-shop boys, of a basket of the fruit, owing to its scarcity. She says they shall have some next year, however. Last fall, the printers were the objects of her kindness.

Sheldon Miller, a colored mute, of Round Lake, Miss., formerly a pupil at the Jackson, Miss., School, and at the Kendall School, Washington, D. C., was a visitor here on Thursday, the 13th.

Mrs. A. Yankner, of New York City, and Miss Ida Wardell, of Long Branch, N. J., were here on Thursday afternoon, the 13th.

Misses Mary Martin, Kitty Logue, Martha Hasty, and Annie Waidler, all graduates, were here on Saturday afternoon, the 15th.

The Proteus went on a pleasure excursion to Inwood, with several of the older boys and girls, on Saturday afternoon.

Some of the pupils were present at the New Jersey picnic at Shooting Park, Newark, last Saturday afternoon and evening. One them, W. Boyd, won the 100-yard race and received a fancy inkstand for his pains.

Mr. Robert E. Maynard, of Yonkers, N. Y., a graduate, was here on Sunday evening.

Mr. Jacob Scharlin, of New York City, a former pupil, was here on Sunday afternoon and evening.

Mr. John Black, of Rahway, N. J. was a Sunday visitor.

Prof. Hare conducted the chapel

services on Sunday morning. "Ambition" was the subject of an interesting lecture by him. In the afternoon Principal Currier sought to impress on the minds of the audience the words, "Remember now thy Creator."

Supervisor Brown left here Tuesday to accept a position as teacher in the Louisiana School. Louis A. Divine, also a graduate of Gallaudet College, has taken his place.

TRESMAL.
SEPTEMBER 18, '94.

The Effects of Physical Training on a Deaf-Mute.

We will first take the character and general disposition of a mute. As a rule he is warm-hearted, sympathetic and generous, but inclined to be quick-tempered.

Their average physique is fairly good. They are frequently flat-chested and the lung capacity in that case is very small, owing to the fact that the lungs are not developed by conversation, singing, etc.

The effect of physical training is three-fold—Physical, Mental and Moral. In a system where the means employed are those which scientific minds have approved of, we look for and can expect such results as general health, an erect and graceful carriage, a well-developed chest, well-round limbs, self-possession and courage, which gives a man the power to execute with precision and neatness those exercises which call for bodily strength and skill. The fact is well known that few deaf-mutes breathe properly. Their inability to properly inflate the lungs is a serious obstacle to their learning to speak. Another peculiarity among them is that a number of them walk with shambling gait. The remedies in the shape of physical training in these cases are easily adapted. For instance, in the case of breathing, a steady course of light work—calisthenics, breathing exercises, etc.—in the gymnasium, and outdoor work, such as running, swimming, etc., will strengthen and develop the lungs, while the marching and class-work will teach those with the shambling gait to walk properly and have the proper control of the limbs.

Mr. Adams, Physical Director of the Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., says: "The physical training of the deaf-mutes should begin with their admission into the school, and continue as regularly as their mental training until they graduate. Also their instructor should be such as to impart to each one a proper understanding of his own body, teaching him first Aid to the Injured, etc., thereby creating in the man a desire for a continuance of physical care and training as long as life lasts.

Taking a general course of physical training given to a mute, it should be as follows: The first year he should be given light work, which will strengthen and develop the muscles of the entire body. The second year give him light gymnastic work, also take up the first principles of athletic work, and the third year take up all general exercises in the gymnasium, as well as advanced apparatus work. Also give him all-around athletic work outdoors. Do not try to make a specialist out of a man, especially if he excel at any one thing, but teach him all-around work, both theoretical and practical, and you will be satisfied with the results, which will be, if the man works faithfully and conscientiously, a body that is symmetrical and harmoniously developed, which he can control instantly and with little expenditure of force. His courage and will-power have been developed, his self-reliance has increased, and those parts of the brain and accessory nerves controlling muscular movements have been trained and developed, and lastly, he has the knowledge and feels inclined to preserve his strength, courage and skill, under ordinary circumstances, the balance of his life.

T. G. COOK.
Physical Director, New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb.

The Serpent's Powers.

The power of continuing motionless with the lifted head projecting forward for an indefinite time, is one of the most wonderful of the serpent's muscular feats, and is of the highest importance to the animal, both when fascinating its victim and when mimicking some inanimate object, as for instance, the stem and bud of an aquatic plant; here it is only referred to on account of the effect it produces on the human mind, as enchanting the serpent's strangeness. In this attitude, with the round, unwinning eyes fixed on the beholder's face, the effect may be very curious and uncanny, says the *Fortnightly Review*. Ernest Glanville, a South African writer, thus describes his own experience: When a boy he frequently went out into the bush in quest of game, and on one of these solitary excursions he sat down to rest in the shade of a willow on the bank of a shallow stream; sitting there, with his cheek resting on his hand, he fell into a boyish reverie.

After some time he became aware in a vague way that on the white, sandy bottom of the stream there was stretched a long black line which had not been there at first. He continued for some time regarding it without recognizing what it was, but all at once, with an inward shock, became fully conscious that he was looking at a large snake.

"Presently, without apparent

motion, so softly and silently was it done, the snake reared its head above the surface and held it there erect and still, with gleaming eyes fixed on me in question of what I was. It flashed upon me then that it would be a good opportunity to test the power of the human eye on a snake, and I set myself the task of looking it down.

"It was a foolish effort. The bronze head and sinewy neck, about which the water flowed without a ripple, were as if carved in stone, and the cruel, unwinning eyes, with the light coming and going in them, appeared to glow the brighter the longer I looked. Gradually there came over me a sensation of sickening fear, which, if I had yielded to it, would have left me powerless to move, but with a cry I leaped up and seizing a fallen willow branch, attacked the reptile with a species of fury. Probably the idea of the Icanti originated in a similar experience of some native."

The Icanti, it must be explained, is a powerful and malignant being that takes the form of a great serpent and lies at night in some dark pool, and should a man incautiously approach and look down into the water he would be held there by the power of the great gleaming eyes and finally drawn down against his will, powerless and speechless, to disappear forever in the black depths.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Delay no good thing.
When you love, love like a house on fire.

A lost opportunity finds its way back.
If you do not amount to much, be a critic.

You began your eternal life at your birth.

Crooked steps are the most apt to be noticed.

Creditors have better memories than debtors.

Many orators are mere manufacturers of phrases.

For one poor person there are a hundred indigent.

The second vice is lying, the first is running into debt.

It takes will-power to look oneself squarely in the soul.

Our actions are our own; their consequences belong to heaven.

Irregular honesty is harder to handle than regular dishonesty.

A hundred men may make an encampment, but it takes a woman to make a home.

Interesting anecdotes afford examples which may be of use in respect to our own conduct.

The greatest blessing that the century has brought to workingwomen is the sewing machine.

We do not learn to know men if they come to us; we must go to them to find out what they are.

To have a friend you must be a friend. Love begets love. Children should be taught this by instinct and experience.

Don't forget the birthdays; let them be landmarks of the passing years, hallowed and gracious days long to be remembered.

Age has its compensations as well as youth; in youth we live in a whirl of passionate strivings after material things, in age, these lesser things are set aside and the intellect and heart have full play.

A Practical Conundrum.

A well-known Detroitor stood at the corner of Woodward and Jefferson avenues yesterday waiting for a car, and a seedy-looking individual approached him.

"Excuse me," said Seedy, "but will you be kind enough to tell me what time it is?"

The gentleman consulted his watch.

"It's a quarter after one," he replied.

The seedy one coughed.

"Do you know, sir," he said, "the difference between the time and me?"

"Give it up," replied the gentleman.

"Would you like to know, sir?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, the time is a quarter after one, and I am one after a quarter."

"Thanks," responded the gentleman, handing it to him with a bow.

—Detroit Free Press.

FACTS, ANECDOTES AND POETRY ABOUT THE DEAF AND DUMB.

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Hints to Housewives.

In lighting a candle the match should be held to the side of the wick and not over the top.

When ironing starched clothes put some kerosene on a cloth and rub every iron on it as taken from the stove.

Nothing is more important to the baby—except his food—than his bed. It should be of the lightest hair procurable, and not feathers.

Two cupsful of milk, two cupsful of flour, two well-beaten eggs and a pinch of salt, make nice breakfast cakes. Bake in greased gem pans.

To wash cut glass and have it clear and shining, you should have a soft brush and dry it lastly, after using a linen towel, with tissue paper.

Leather belts or boots that have been soaked in water and dried hard may be softened by rubbing plentifully with coal-oil. If the leather is very dirty, wash it with good, hot soapsuds first.

Japanese kono cushions are covered with fine, pliable wood matting, not harmed by water or dampness. Cushions for hammocks are made twenty-one inches square and covered with gay prints.

Brown paper should be used in putting away ribbons and silks for preservation; the chloride of lime in white paper discolors them. A white satin dress should be pinned up in blue paper, with brown paper outside, sewn together at the edges.

To do ornamental frosting, draw one of the small glass syringes full of the icing and arrange it in any design you like. Another way is to fill a cone of thick white paper and let the icing run through, but it is not as successful as the other way.

If you want the paint on your house to be neat and clean as well as lasting, have it done this autumn, instead of waiting till spring. Paint put on in the fall lasts much better, and is not spoiled by the little gnats that are so troublesome in the early spring.

Kat plums if you want to be pretty.

The plums as a prelude to breakfast is simply a charm for the system. After a dinner it is a golden aid to digestion. Eaten in the evening it cools the blood and delights the palate.

Its action on the stomach is medicinal, economical and healthful.

To fry an egg so that it will be particularly tempting to the eye as well as the palate, first separate the white from the yolk; then beat the white into a froth, drop it into the pan, make a hole in the centre with a spoon and drop the yolk into the hole.

It will cook it into a very dainty bit.

For cleaning mirrors keep for the purpose a piece of sponge, a cloth and a silk handkerchief, all entirely free from dirt, as the least dirt will scratch the surface of the glass.

First sponge the glass with a little spirits of wine or gin and water, so as to clean off all spots; then dust over it powder blue, tied in muslin. Rub it off lightly and quickly with the cloth, and finish by rubbing with the silk handkerchief. Do not rub the edges of the frame.

Make up a dozen cheese cloth bags about a foot square. Fill them with oatmeal and pure white castle soap shaved fine—two-thirds oatmeal and one-third soap. Put in the bag a teaspoonful of borax and some orris root or lavender flowers, or anything of that kind that you like as a perfume. Have about twelve gallons of water for your bath, and make it pretty warm. Use that bag for a wash rag, and you will come out of each bath feeling as though you had the skin of a baby. Of course one bag will only do for one bath, and the contents will then have to be thrown away, but the cheese cloth can be washed and used till it breaks.

A large soft sponge makes the best damp duster. It should be moderately fine and perfectly free from grit. Soak it in a pan of water, and then wring it as dry as possible; never try to use it with much water in it. When you are dusting, free the sponge of the dust by rinsing thoroughly in the clean water. When you have finished using, wash it free of all dust and grit and hang in the sun to dry. If a sponge is not cared for it soon gets soft and squishy and full of particles of grit, and then it will not be fit for anything. Some housekeepers always wash windows with a sponge. It is an excellent cleaner—if it is kept clean itself—but it will streak the window glasses unless you wash it out every few moments.

DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we publish in this column, in ALPHABETICAL ORDER, a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes.

ALL SOULS WORKING PEOPLE'S CLUB & CLERICAL LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

This club, organized on September 23d, 1893, and reorganized November 23d, 1893, is entirely non-sectarian, and any deaf person over eighteen years of age may join it by agreeing to pay a small sum of money monthly for its support. The purpose of the club is to supplement the instruction received in the school, by a course of lectures and other literary exercises, and a provision of reading matter of a suitable character. In addition, harmless and social amusements are provided. The club has the use of the Guild rooms in All Souls' Church for the Deaf, Franklin Street, above Green. The officers of the club are: Rev. J. M. Keeler, Ex-officio Chairman; (Vacant) Vice-Chairman; M. C. Fortescue, President; Wm. McKinney, First Vice-President; Herbert Scott, Second Vice-President; J. S. Reider, Secretary and Treasurer, whose address is No. 1812 Marston Street; Mrs. J. S. Reider, Assistant Secretary; Wm. McKinney, Assistant Treasurer; and Harry Gunkel, Sergeant-at-Arms. The club rooms are open on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings.

ANDERSON CLUB.

The Anderson Club of Cincinnati, O., was reorganized in 1893, the name being changed from the Anderson Club of Cincinnati, O., to the Anderson Club of Cincinnati, O., and has for its object the bettering of the mental, moral and social welfare of its members. Opens its rooms every night and Sunday afternoon at 8 o'clock, for the use of its members. Non-resident visitors welcome. A. Rembeck, President; B. C. W. Adams, Vice-President; S. J. B. Berle, Secretary; Alf. Berle, Treasurer; Dan. J. Riordan, Librarian, and Aug. Boos, Sergeant-at-Arms. The Secretary's address is 30 Jones Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

APOLLO WORKINGMEN'S CLUB.

The object of the Apollo Workingmen's Club, organized in 1890, is to advance the social, intellectual and physical welfare of its members. It holds its meetings every Tuesday and Friday evenings. Business meetings are held on the first Saturday evening of every month at the Southway Turn Hall, 1123 1/2 Wharton Street, for the purpose of electing officers. The officers for 1892-'93 are: President, William G. Pownall; Vice-President, Abraham Jaggard; Secretary, James E. Morony; Assistant Secretary, Henry Blackhouse; and Treasurer, Wm. Henry Lipsitt. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary at Southway Turn Hall, 1123 1/2 Wharton Street, Phila.

BALTIMORE DEAF-MUTE SOCIETY.

The Society holds its meetings every alternate Wednesday in the basement of the Primitive Baptist Church, on Madison St., one door east of Calvert St. Its object is to improve the mental faculties of the deaf, and of cultivating a taste for literature, oratory and debate, and of exerting a good moral influence by social intercourse. Lectures will be announced from time to time by the President. The officers are: President, J. A. Brantley; Vice-President, R. E. Underwood; Secretary, James H. Mooney; Treasurer, J. E. Fowler; Sergeant-at-Arms, E. K. Butterbaugh. Address all letters, to the Baltimore Society for the Deaf, Madison St., 1 Door East Calvert.

BROOKLYN GUILD FOR DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Guild for Deaf-Mutes, of St. Mark's P. E. Church, organized January 7th, 1892. Meets in Adelphi Street, bet. Dekalb and Willoughby Avenues, Brooklyn. The meetings are held in the room of St. Mark's Chapel, on the first Thursday of each month, at 8 P. M. Object: To help the needy and destitute among the religious deaf-mutes. The Brooklyn Guild, the officers are: President, James S. Orr; Vice-President, H. L. Juhring; Treasurer, Fred G. Bachus. Address all communications to the Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow, 232 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Theodore Grady; Vice-President, Knosuth Selig; Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow. Treasurer, Henry J. McCoy; Librarian, Frank B. Shattuck. Divine services first and third Sundays in each month, alternate at 11 A. M. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to the Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow, 232 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE OF NEW YORK CITY.

This organization is one formed for the purpose of bringing into closer intercourse the former students of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes of the City of New York, and to disseminate such views as will tend to their welfare. It meets on the second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month, at 25 East 67th Street, in the room of the Empire Hotel. The officers are: President, E. Souweine; Second Vice-President, James B. Gass; Secretary, Samuel Frankenhelm, 305 East 67th Street; Financial Secretary, Simon Hirsch; Treasurer, A. C. Bachrach.

FANWOOD QUAD CLUB.

The Fanwood Quad Club is an organization composed mainly of deaf journeymen printers and writers for the deaf press, in New York and vicinity, but it is not confined to these alone, and admits any deaf person, who has attained the age of discretion, and is of good character and intelligence. Its object is to cultivate fraternal feelings, to promote the social relations, and to uphold and assist what is deemed helpful or beneficial to its members, as individuals, and to the deaf at large as a class. The officers are: President, Wm. H. Winslow; Vice-President, Robert E. Maynard; Secretary, Thos. F. Fox, Treasurer, All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, 20 Terrace Place, Yonkers, N. Y.

GALLAUDET SOCIETY, OF BOSTON.

The Gallaudet Society for Deaf-Mutes, organized 1896; reorganized 1892, and incorporated June, 1892, is an unsectarian society, and holds its meetings Wednesdays at 7 1/2 P. M., at St. Andrew's Hall, 38 Chambers Street, Boston, Mass. Exercises once a month, lectures, social gatherings, etc., occasionally. The officers for 1896-'97 are: Edwin W. Frisbee, President; A. A. Small, Vice-President; Wm. H. Lane, Secretary; A. S. Tufts, Treasurer, and Mrs. J. P. Frisbee, Librarian. Communications are to be addressed to the Secretary, 38 Chambers Street, St. Andrew's Hall, Boston, Mass.

KANSAS CITY DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

This club, organized January 7th, 1893, is entirely non-sectarian. Any deaf or semi-mute gentleman can join by paying the initiation fee of \$1.00 and stipulated annual dues. The purpose of the club is to cultivate the social and mental improvement of its members, to provide suitable reading matter, and to secure the deaf-mutes a general harmony amongst themselves. A good deaf-mute in his private character of father, son or husband fulfill their native duties with fidelity. Honest, sober and industrious we aim to be. The club holds its meetings on second Saturday of each month. Every member has a key, and is at full liberty to use the room at any time. Strangers in the city are cordially invited to come and see us. The officers for ensuing year, 1894, are: Norman D. Hunt, President; Louis H. Becker, Vice-President; Hiram Gilksom, Secretary; F. D. Ellmaker, Treasurer; Henry Miller, Sergeant-at-Arms. Address all communications to the Secretary at the club room, Southeast Corner of 6th and Main Street, Humbolt Building, Kansas City, Mo.

GRANITE STATE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are as follows:—Willie E. White, President, 128 Bowlers St., Nashua; F. P. Blodgett, Secretary, 50 Palm Street, Nashua; Willie A. Deering, Treasurer, Pittsfield.

MID-WESTERN MISSION.

Embracing the Dioceses of Pittsburgh, Ohio, Southern Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Western Michigan, Chicago, Springfield, Quincy, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Fond du Lac and Milwaukee. General Missionary—Rev. A. W. Mann, 127 Arlington Street, Cleveland, Ohio. St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf, Christ Church Cathedral, St. Louis. Rev. J. H. Cloud, Minister in charge, 3114 California Avenue, Chicago. All Angels' Church for the Deaf, Chicago. Rev. A. W. Mann in charge. Epiphany Mission, St. John's Church, Detroit, Mich. St. Agnes Mission, Grace Church, Cleveland, Ohio. St. Margaret's Mission, Trinity Church, Pittsburgh, Pa. St. Albans and St. Francis, Frank A. Leitner, Lay Readers. All Saints' Mission, Columbus, O. St. Mark's Mission, St. Paul's Church, Cincinnati, Ohio. St. Clement's Mission, Christ Church, Dayton, O. St. Alban's Mission, Christ Church, Indianapolis, Ind. St. Bede's Mission, St. Mark's Church, Grand Rapids, Mich. Services are held at about forty places mentioned in the foregoing list. The Young Men's Christian Association, Cor. Bolyston and Berkeley Sts. The officers are as follows: President, Mrs. E. W. Buel; Vice-President, Mrs. Wm. J. Randolph; Secretary, Mrs. Adam Acheson; Treasurer, Mrs. Wilbur D. Patee. All communications to be addressed to the Secretary, Adam Acheson, 2 Spruce St., Roslindale, Mass.

MUTUAL & CHARITABLE RELIEF SOCIETY OF BOSTON.

The purpose of the Society is principally social improvement, and to help the needy club of deaf-mutes. Meetings are held on Wednesday of each month, at the Young Men's Christian Association, Cor. Bolyston and Berkeley Sts. The officers are as follows: President, Mrs. E. W. Buel; Vice-President, Mrs. Wm. J. Randolph; Secretary, Mrs. Adam Acheson; Treasurer, Mrs. Wilbur D. Patee. All communications to be addressed to the Secretary, Adam Acheson, 2 Spruce St., Roslindale, Mass.

NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTE SOCIETY.

The New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society was organized in November, 1893, and shall comprise only deaf residents of the State, and the same to be of good character and intelligence. Its object is to cultivate fraternal feelings, to promote the social relations, and to uphold and assist what is deemed beneficial to its members as individuals, and to the deaf as a class at large. It meets every Saturday evening at 870 Broad Street, Newark, N. J. The meetings in each month being confined only to regular business of the Society, on other Saturdays are social meetings welcome to visitors of both sexes. The officers are: President, J. E. Nash; Vice-President, Paul E. Kees; 2d Vice-President, Charles Lawrence, Jr.; Secretary, Charles McManus; Treasurer, J. E. Nash; Recording Secretary, B. F. Frank; Treasurer, Morton Sonnehorn; Librarian, Thomas E. Ritchie; Sergeant-at-Arms, W. H. Millan; Trustees, Julius Ruben and G. T. Dougherty.

PASA-PASA CLUB.

Pasa-Pasa Club, Chicago, Ill. Organized 1892, reorganized in 1890, incorporated 1891. Club room, on top floor, 73 South Clark Street, opposite Court House. Business meetings on first Saturdays of each month. Social meetings on second Saturdays of each month, on remaining Saturday evenings. Officers are: President, C. C. Codman; Vice-President, J. J. Kleinhans; Second Vice-President, J. E. Nash; Recording Secretary, F. P. Gibson, 3239 Dearborn Street; Recording Secretary, B. F. Frank; Treasurer, Morton Sonnehorn; Librarian, Thomas E. Ritchie; Sergeant-at-Arms, W. H. Millan; Trustees, Julius Ruben and G. T. Dougherty.

ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The organization of the St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club, on the morning of April, 1892, and its purposes are principally of a social nature, being non-sectarian and independent in every respect, to cultivate the social and fraternal feelings of its members by timely lectures, and also by the aid of general literature, to guarantee to them all the pleasures that were deprived by the loss of the hearing, and to stimulate general harmony amongst themselves. It holds its regular meeting every second Saturday of each month, in Room No. 12, on the 3d floor of the Empire Hotel, at 25 East 67th Street. Every member has a key and is at full liberty to use the room at any time. Strangers in the city should not forget that they are cordially invited to avail themselves of its opportunities. The officers are: Leo A. Froning, President; John E. Campbell, Vice-President; H. L. Juhring, Secretary; Geo. D. Hunter, Recording Secretary; A. N. Morrison, Treasurer; E. D. Kingon, Collector; Henry L. Fritz, Sergeant-at-Arms. The Board of Directors are: W. H. Schaub, W. E. Guss and J. J. Brown. Trustees: W. E. Campbell and Charles Wolff. Address all communications to the Corresponding Secretary, 2354 Missouri Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

THE BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Saturday night, in Adelphi Hall, Adelphi Street, corner Myrtle Avenue, at 8 o'clock. The object is to benefit socially and intellectually.

The officers of the Society are: H. A. Schnuckenberg, President; A. McLaren, First Vice-President; V. Moore, Second Vice-President; J. E. Nash, Secretary; H. L. Juhring, Treasurer; C. Conlon, Sergeant-at-Arms. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, James S. Orr, 140 Wierfield Street.

THE LOS ANGELES ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF.

Services every Sunday at 3 P. M., at the Guild Room of St. Paul's Church, Olive Street, Los Angeles, at which all deaf-mutes are welcome, and regularity of attendance desired. Objects: 1. The holding of religious services in the sign-language. 2. The social and intellectual improvements of deaf-mutes. 3. Assisting them in their employment at their trades. 4. Visiting and aiding them in sickness. 5. Giving information and aid where needed. Committee: Edward C. Oak, A. A. Leach, Herbert J. Trenholm. The P. O. address of Mr. Thomas Wild is Station D, Los Angeles, Cal., to whom all communications should be addressed.

THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEW YORK CITY.

The Manhattan Literary Association meets every Thursday evening at 8 P. M., in the basement of St. Paul's Church for the Deaf, West 18th St., near 5th Avenue. Its regular business meetings are held every first Thursday of each month, debates every second, and lectures every third. Its object is to improve the moral, intellectual, and social welfare of its members. Its officers are: Theodore A. Froehlich, President; Max Miller, First Vice-President; Emanuel Basch, Second Vice-President; Emanuel Souweine, Secretary; Joseph Sonnehorn, Treasurer; Alex. Mabel, Sergeant-at-Arms. All correspondence should be addressed to the Secretary, 210 Canal Street, New York City.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named in honor of Thomas H. Gallaudet, is now officered by John E. Crane, Connecticut, President; G. W. Wakfield, Maine, Vice-President; Harry E. Babbitt, Secretary, 48 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.; Levi A. Lester, Rhode Island, Treasurer.

THE TROY LITERARY SOCIETY.